

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WORLD WONDERS

NOTHING could be more obvious than that the world needs active, whole-hearted co-operation between peoples in order to meet the difficulties of economic and social readjustment. But where is such coöperation to be found? Face to face with the situation now obtaining, many feel that constructive international action is a mirage—a thing greatly to be desired, like a dozen other Utopias, but hopelessly out of reach. Morning papers tell us that the disease of nationalism is spreading like wildfire in Europe and Asia; that currency wars have been added to the long list of struggles for trade; and that racial antipathies are exacting a new toll from those who have believed, with the Catholic Church, that mankind could be made one in the peace of Christ.

There must be added to this roster of events the significant fact that one aspect of the existing situation is a conflict between generations. The armies which fought the World War, the millions of women who suffered and mourned, have now reached maturity. Neither their experiences nor their hopes mean a great deal to younger people. These see the world which is—devoid of faith in

unifying ideals, riddled through and through with pot-shot by greedy financiers and venal statesmen, lacking any conviction which compels enthusiastic allegiance. Of course the war-time generation had a magnificent chance, which was muffed. The younger generation no longer understands either the chance or the defeat. It is angry. It is cramped in between a dingy present and a seemingly gloomy future. The thoughts it entertains have to do with escape. "Excitement is making people forget that they are poor and hungry," writes a correspondent from Germany. A sort of dreamy intellectual drunkenness is sweeping over young Europe.

Meanwhile the elders can only debate. An excellent instance of how they do so is the Disarmament Conference, a brief review of which is psychologically as instructive as any panorama we know. Everybody remembers how, during February, 1932, the delegates assembled and listened to addresses breathing awareness of the situation and a kind of desperate hope. "If success escapes us," said M. Tardieu upon that occasion, "it will mean the collapse of the greatest hope ever enter-

tained by the human race." And M. Motta, speaking for the Swiss nation, reminded all that "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Nor was plain, cold realism missing. Signor Grandi told the world that the nations assembled in the League had been spending more and more heavily for armament. Between 1925 and 1930, \$510,000,000 had been added to the annual budget of the great god Mars.

These things being true, the question of how to improve conditions was in order. Mr. Gibson proposed curtailing armed forces to the limits demanded by internal protection and national defense; M. Litvinov preached the doctrine of complete disarmament; M. Tardieu revived the standard French idea of an international army to carry out the will of the League of Nations against potential aggressors; and M. Nadolny submitted a list of measures which he thought would suffice to put Mr. Gibson's idea into effect. Such questions of principle were debated until the Conference voted to accept the view that disarmament as specified in Article 8 of the Covenant of the League could only be attained through slow stages, the first of which was the reduction of armaments to the lowest possible figure.

The door was now open, and in flew Mr. Gibson with the startling suggestion that weapons of aggression (he specified tanks, heavy mobile guns and gases) ought to be prohibited. This led eventually to the adoption of a British resolution to the effect that "certain classes of weapons" should be "absolutely prohibited to all states, or internationalized by means of a general convention." Now the fun began. It was easy enough to declare that chemical or bacteriological warfare ought to be forbidden, and that the dropping of incendiary bombs was reprehensible. But everything else was open to debate. What steps, if any, were in order to effect international control of civil aviation? Are tanks indispensable to infantry acting defensively? And so forth. Here the German delegation was in an advantageous position, since it could argue that the restrictions imposed upon Germany would settle the whole problem if applied to the rest of the powers. This argument could be opposed only by admitting that Germany was without adequate defensive armament, which admission was received with delighted attention in the fatherland.

During June, 1932, President Hoover sent to Geneva a message emphasizing his conviction that equal disarmament in accord with the Treaty of Versailles must be the goal of disarmament work. This was received with deferential attention, but the famous resolution adopted on July 23, 1932, so modified the Hoover proposals as to leave only a weak compromise behind. Meanwhile public feeling in Germany, fanned to white heat by active

propaganda, was gravely complicating the policies of the government. Accordingly Ambassador Nadolny voted "No" and withdrew from Geneva. This meant that the Germans were resolved to accept nothing less than equality.

The withdrawal of Germany, followed soon afterward by Japan's refusal to accept a decision of the League as binding, virtually wrecked the Conference. Other hampering factors were the elections in the United States and the accession to power of Hitler. During the weeks after September, the leading European governments exchanged notes, Great Britain endeavoring to find a middle ground between the demands of Germany and the requirements of France. But it was not until Mr. MacDonald's visit to Rome that fresh impetus to work upon the fundamentals of the problem was developed. The conferences between the British Premier and Il Duce bred the hope that the major European powers might seek to obtain a measure of political security by ironing out the chief sources of disagreement. Nothing very tangible has happened since. There is, however, some reason for believing that relations between France and Germany have improved a little, despite appearances, and also that the hopes placed upon the Economic Conference may encourage the settlement of some political problems.

Thus one can hardly doubt that the League and the Disarmament Conference have failed notably. Nevertheless, despite the inability to reach conclusions, the discussion seems to have been more than usually fruitful. The delegates at least talked about real things. They recognized the existence of a number of ugly facts, though they were unable to do much with them. No other conference was ever more evidently deadlocked, and yet few have done more to clear the air of hypocritical assumptions. This "will to be realistic" offers at least some antidote to complete discouragement. One major difficulty is the chance that Germany, insisting upon its right to equality, may decide to satisfy nationalist cravings by arming heavily rather than to wait for further steps toward disarmament on the part of its neighbors.

It is more imperative than ever not to give up the fight for what is often blandly termed "goodwill" but what is really on the one hand a defense of moral principle and on the other insurance against disaster. Constructive international action is not a mirage, a Utopia, but a wholly practicable program which even now is not out of date. And it may well be that, in response to the prayer of Christendom throughout the Holy Year which commemorates the Saviour's death, there may come a new resolve to progress toward sanity and order. If not, madness will be the sole possible end of the contemporary human journey—the madness of another war to end all that has been accomplished for conciliation and understanding.

WEEK BY WEEK

NO PART of Mr. Roosevelt's radio address on the evening of May 8 was better than this: "I have no expectation of making a hit every time I come to bat. What I seek is the highest possible batting average, both for myself and for the team." Such good old Americanese leaves us all seeing the President as we ought to see him—not a master-mind whose decisions nobody can question, not a general whose battles we could have fought better on top of a library table, but a man who makes the collective decisions Americans expect of their government. Getting this straight once again is as fine a thing as could have happened to us all. The address itself was specific without being entirely clear, for there was hardly time to expand at length on any single issue. Fundamentally the purposes of the administration center round two points: raising commodity prices, and adjusting the relations between producer and consumer. Both are new goals of political action, and the President was careful to suggest both that the government alone was powerless to reach either and that some experimenting would have to be done. New situations call for new policies. And one may assume that the novelty of the present situation is by this time sufficiently obvious.

THE SPEECH recognized the close relationship existing between the debt structure and prices. A debt is a promise to pay; money raised through charging a certain price for the fruits of labor is the only means for fulfilling that promise; gold is the fixed quantity which enables us to tell whether debts or prices are the same as they were yesterday. The United States may use gold in such a way as to bridge the gap between high existing debts and low existing prices, but it must not remove the first by inflating the second. While these statements do not tell us how much inflation we are in for, they may safely be taken to mean that radical currency experiments will hardly figure prominently among favorite Washington recipes. In so far as relations between producer and consumer go, the address suggests a program of readjusting agriculture, industry, labor and transportation to a common denominator which may be defined in some such way as this: progress based upon consumer demand resulting from fair wages and returns must supersede progress (if so noble a word can be misused) based upon speculation. The President would curtail overproduction, eliminate price-cutting and wage-slashing industries, and regulate transportation through effective organization. It is an excellent, well-coördinated, far-reaching plan. But it needs a great deal of support, which we can only sincerely

hope it will receive—and which it will hardly get from the nation at large if the administration should give the impression of favoring one group or class at the expense of others.

UNDER the idealistic leadership of Michael O'Shaughnessy, the League for Social Justice has made real and gratifying progress. This organization is, as many of our readers probably know, devoted to promoting among Catholics a better understanding of and practical interest in the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. During recent months permission to establish the League has been granted by the ordinaries of many dioceses in all parts of the United States, and there is good reason to believe that the groundwork of organization is being laid effectively. The great value of Colonel O'Shaughnessy's idea lies in its abstinence from obligation to a set of "remedies" dictated from a central organization and supposedly swallowed. Nothing is exacted of members excepting loyal adherence to the ethical principles of social conduct enunciated by the Church and a resolution to join, to the best of one's ability, in the work of prayer. We do not think that the League will startle the world with a ready-made solution of current economic ills. But if it encourages hundreds of thousands to live by the social teachings of the Church it will have done something much more fruitful and important.

IT IS with sincere regret that we mark the passing of Cardinal Cerretti in Rome. He was a great Christian and a great diplomat; he fulfilled truly the function of a conciliator, and the many Americans who had occasion to know him in Washington or Paris or Rome, where he served successively, spoke of him with real affection for his helpfulness and gracious manner. Eight of his early years in the papal diplomatic service, it may be recalled, were spent in America as auditor of the Apostolic Delegation. He then served for several years in Rome as assistant to Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, then in 1921 was sent to Paris as the first Papal Nuncio to that capital in nearly two decades. While there he had to deal with the delicate Alsatian question which arose over the attempt of the anti-clerical French government to divorce the Church and schools in that recently reclaimed, strongly Catholic province. In 1926 he was recalled to Rome to assist in the Vatican's relations with Mussolini, and it was through him that the Vatican in 1927 expressed its strong disapproval of L'Action Française. He revisited this country as the Papal Legate on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress, and sometime earlier as the Pope's

emissary to the jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore. During the war he was active in behalf of the Holy Father for easing the lot of war prisoners and was also active in many other missions as the emissary of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace.

THE RECENT widely attended celebration (on May 9, in special honor of the Diamond Jubilee of the Apparition at Lourdes) of Good Women the seventeenth birthday of the and Alliance of Catholic Women of Good Works the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, invites attention to an admirable institution. It was organized and launched upon a comprehensive program of Catholic Action even before the formal papal pronouncements on the need of Catholic Action were given to the world; and its first social service, during the war and the demobilization periods, was so efficiently rendered, and so indispensable to the community, that it elicited decorations from the government for the staff directing it, and a voluntary bonus from the National War Council. Since then, the work has steadily increased and ramified, and there is no reason to suppose that even the complex and impressive program of social ministration it carries on today, marks the term of its development. There is hardly a field—civic, educational, child welfare, charity relief—that it does not touch; and some of its activities, through its prison and hospital committees, for instance, as well as in coöperation with non-Catholic agencies, and recently, on a very large scale, with the Red Cross, are particularly interesting. But perhaps its most important single contribution is the maintenance of the Queen of Peace House, in which shelterless girls and women may lead a genuine home life free, if necessary, and by which employment is found for them, if possible.

ANOTHER feature of the Alliance which might be very widely imitated with profit, is its invitation to the parish, its stress on the parish point of view, and its frequent sharing of the parish's burdens. This is accomplished not only by its wide participation in the work of the parish conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, but also by the fact that in the Alliance organization the parish unit is very prominent. The Alliance is, primarily, a federation of all the women's societies throughout the archdiocese, whether local or archdiocesan, and it has also a large number of individual members; but it has made a point, from the beginning, of regarding the parish group as the real norm or cell of its structure. It is not hard to see how advantageous this arrangement would be for the parish, especially for the type of large city parish which struggles to maintain its identity and to secure the backing of its people for some minimum

of social service, against the factor of unstable population, and the enormous competition of outside attractions. The Alliance idea puts extra-parochial help within the reach of such a group, when it is really needed; yet it is not "outside" help, since the parish itself is part of the super-organization. And perhaps even more vital is the Alliance's service, of giving the smaller unit an organic connection with the larger stream of Catholic thought. The expediency of such organization varies, of course, with the conditions; however ideal, an actively functioning federation of parishes, in this sense, is not possible everywhere. But it is a splendid thing to see it tried, with growing success; if anything can, it will actualize completely the Alliance's motto: "All Good Women in All Good Works."

TWO AMERICAN cardinals met to observe the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Nicholas's Church, New York. One The one, His Eminence Cardinal Hundred Hayes, was born not far from this Years Ago church, which was built in what used to be the heart of German Catholic New York; the other, His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, was born in the parish and grew up there. Today much has changed. Residential districts in the lower part of the city have in part been torn down and made to serve other uses. Even so, enough of the olden time survives round about St. Nicholas's to aid the imagination in evoking a picture of far-off days when the Reverend John Raffeiner paused long enough in New York to build a church for German immigrants, before departing to a life of mission work in Western states. Little did he realize that the city wherein he had built the "cradle of German American Catholicism" would grow as it was to grow; and certainly no one else realized the future importance of the German element in the United States. To this element we owe, as Cardinal Mundelein pointed out, very much of the effort made to develop the parochial school system, as well as—in the domain of public life—a great deal of our national enthusiasm in the service of liberal political ideals. Both services are worth recalling at the present time.

NOT only the parents of little Peggy McMath, and not only the Massachusetts police, but the people of the nation as well, are to be congratulated on the swift and satisfactory termination of the recent kidnapping case. It is not easy to contemplate a repetition of the Lindbergh tragedy; and it is only too probable that if the child had been murdered without the criminal's being detected, or if the extortion had been successful, his immunity or his success would

have aroused a grisly train of imitators among the desperate and especially among the morally deranged. There are always strange elements in kidnapping cases, but in this case the saddening and mysterious problem of the perpetrator's psychology is not the only strangeness; there is also the strangeness, on a very different level indeed, of the courage and endurance of the little victim. After speculating upon what spot of disintegration or moral anaesthesia in his make-up rendered the commission of this heinous cruelty possible to a man seemingly devoted to his own family, and as kind to the kidnapped child as the limits of his crime allowed, those whose business it is to diagnose such things must turn with relief to the much happier problem of Peggy. Then it becomes in order to speculate on what brand of moral sturdiness or inner security renders it possible for a child of ten to lie bound in the dark for forty-nine hours on a narrow ledge in a cellar, and yet remain untouched by panic, and emerge with nerves unshaken. This more than adequate, this incredibly healthy and poised, youngster, it is said, has already gone back to school. If it is a coeducational school, the boys must be in a state that any believer in permanent inferiority complexes would view with apprehension.

PERHAPS nowhere more clearly than in the building of boats is the effect of the depression evident in driving people back to first principles in such a way that, in spite of apparent losses, they will be gainers in the end. We mean by this small boats that are used for health and recreation by those who are still in harness and need to employ some means for getting out into the open. During the golden boom times, the tendency in sailing craft design was all toward a too opulent, a bothersome, oppressive materialism, coupled with too much mechanization. Sailing craft were getting bigger, deeper in draught, taller in spars and sails; gadgets were multiplying. This all involved a tyranny of matériel; it took no end of grooming of spars and rigging to keep these boats in running condition. At the same time, the sailing of them was being all worked out on the naval architect's drawing-board with a complication of suits of sails for different points and velocity of the wind, in such a way that little was left to the sailor but to go out with his sailing machine, follow instructions and just have a ride. Now the boats are being simplified. Dinghy regattas of little eleven-foot cockle-shells have been raised to the dignity of yachting, and a particularly hardy crowd—it is a large crowd, too—under the name of the Frostbite Yacht Club have sailed all winter. The real feel of bending a blow of wind to one's purpose by calculating the planing resistance of one's boat

against the water, is restored, the real sport of sailing; and the release from the possessiveness of possessions, the nuisance of impedimenta and gear, is a blessing that even some of America's proudest yachtsmen have come to realize. There has been an emphasis on building small handy boats, such as the large "Snipe" class and the International Fourteens and various types of center-board Star boats. One of the very latest developments which was brought out simultaneously, seemingly, by the Toppan Company in Maine and one of Boston's leading naval architects, is a fourteen-foot ketch-rigged sharpie that ought to be a fast, smart boat, no end of fun to sail, and is, in the pictures, at least, as pretty as a bug-eye going up the bay to Baltimore, or a Felucca flying along wing-and-wing.

MOTHERS THESE DAYS

"MOTHERS' DAY" is sometimes accused of being a pagan festival, a mere excuse for promoting certain types of merchandise, and other totally undesirable things. We hesitate to believe that a mere date on the calendar can deserve so many harsh words. Is it not rather the spirit in which the occasion is celebrated which may properly arouse ire or contempt? There is every reason why religious-minded people should endow with rich meaning an occasion which, though secular in origin, expresses the mind of the community on an important topic. In centuries gone by, many a secular festival was thus accepted and transformed, by the genius of the Church's awareness of the popular mind, into a sacred holiday.

What is a modern mother? To begin with, she is a woman with children whose style of living is in several respects quite different from the style which prevailed a generation or two ago. She is, an erudite friend reminds us, more of a peregrinator—though not behind a perambulator. Getting into all sorts of places and events, she equips herself with modern hygiene, clothes, nerves and mentality. From several points of view she resembles the pioneer immigrant woman far more closely than she does the fainting female whom decades of sentimental novels and ladies' magazines reared in America after the Civil War. Her intelligence often has something of the "old settler" about it, in connection with which it needs to be remembered that the said old settler was often, to put it mildly, a somewhat angular personality. In the New England of yore, pipes belonged in almost every boudoir; and along the Ohio River Valley, fingers of corn whisky afforded what is now the cocktail that goes with the bridge tea. Of course then as now female masculinity was consistently a sham. Such poses are always only bluffing operations in the old, old game for control. Faking masculinity has done

some things for some women. But these are not the kind other women like; and one may doubt whether successful, hard-boiled, iron-hearted women who are executives et cetera really and truly love themselves.

In spite of style, therefore, woman (we speak as mere spectators) is perennially woman. This is, perhaps, the most severe indictment that can be brought against the type now uppermost because this (a) proceeded on the assumption that woman could be something else and (b) failed. We refer specifically to what can be termed sentimentalism. Years ago, our dear mothers were not considered well-bred unless they could shed tears on every thinkable occasion. They melted like Niobe for every wedding, birth, funeral, first Mass, graduation, parting; they wept when "Annie Laurie" was played, or Tennyson recited; and a Memorial Day was observed with a veritable orgy of big and little tears. The handkerchief has altered its purpose since then, being now devoted chiefly to the powdering of noses. But sentimentality is another matter entirely and not so easily changed.

Modern woman is sentimental about her children. By this we do not mean that she dotes on them, or regards them as prime products in the excellence of which she and the Lord have coöperated. We mean rather than she has a tendency to tumble for a variety of foolish nostrums which she considers indispensable for her young. Take, for example, school. Mr. Mencken penned some vitriolic words not long ago about the high cost of education, and something pertinent will appear in *THE COMMONWEAL* on this subject. We ourselves object not so much to the sums expended as to the shoddy quality of goods received in exchange. The American school system is the victim of theories and vapid experiments. When little Johnny Jones sets out in the morning, hat over the eye and everything, he is a piece of a picture puzzle out of which somebody is trying to evolve a new universe. The amount of stenography, conference time, oratory and pure wheedling which goes into the theoretical supervision of the school child is one of the most ridiculous phenomena in American life and the cause of it is the American mother—the American mother who never sees her child on terra firma but in lofty aerial regions where vitamins, dietetics, "outlooks" and I.Q.'s combine to fashion a cherubic denizen of nowhere at all.

Let us take a look at the progressive boss of the modern school system. He draws a salary which dwarfs that of even the most skilful teacher beyond comparison. To his nod all ideas of how to bring up a child must bow submissively. And who is he? Always the same. When he was a small boy, he went to the Methodist Church in Kansas. Or Indiana. Later he grew very en-

lightened, taught school for a while, and gradually meandered into some Teachers' College. By this time he got far, far away from the Methodist benches into the regions of conviction that the social order must be changed. Just how he never quite knows. The point is that a change is needed. Filled with odds and ends of pedagogical doctrine, he rearranges the school desks, orders the teacher to exchange one set of methods for another, develops force and idealism and proceeds to wait for results. And little Johnny Jones ultimately emerges a greater dunce than the Lord in His wisdom ever intended.

There are several practical remedies which here suggest themselves, but first and foremost comes the reformation of the American mother. Her incurable sentimentality must be prescribed for, or at least diverted to noble ends. Take for example the question of the child and work. The fact that, despite four years of joblessness and depression, fifty children out of every one thousand still have so-called "job papers" is a ghastly scandal. The further fact that in some states sweatshops and other vile industrial enterprises are using little boys and girls as "hands" cries to Heaven for vengeance—is, indeed, from every Catholic and Christian point of view, a thousand times more reprehensible than gambling, drinking or marathon dancing. But the idea that the child ought to do nothing, to share no task, render no service, is a species of baneful mollicoddling which ought to be laughed and scoffed out of existence. It is rather the obvious duty of every mother to perform the duties of a citizen where the children of the poor are concerned, and the duties of an educator in practical living where her own youngsters are concerned.

At any rate, a conclusion might be drawn to advantage from these rambling remarks. Let the sentiment, the affection, the remembrance stimulated by Mothers' Day remain, and let the occasion acquire a deep spiritual significance. But it would do no harm if there were administered also a dose of criticism. Has not the American woman gone far astray in her conception of happiness? She would not so frequently misgauge the present and future of her children if she were not so greatly in danger of misunderstanding her own status. That the average family has grown less harmonious and less amicable is a fact proved by the divorce courts. And the evidence accumulated by these has to do not merely with normal incompatibilities and tragedies, but in essence with the burdens imposed upon the structure of the family by inordinate desires and wants. From this point of view woman may, of course, retort that she is no worse than man. And with complete and perfect justice. But it remains true that the moral value of a civilization is in feminine hands.

THE MORAL LAW IN GOVERNMENT

By FRANK MURPHY

FORTY-TWO years ago the great Pontiff, Leo XIII, pointed the way in his encyclical, "On the Condition of the Working Classes." He said: "Rulers should . . . anxiously safeguard the community and all its members; the community, because the conservation thereof is so emphatically the business of the supreme power that the safety of the commonwealth is not only the first law, but it is a government's whole reason for existence."

You have asked me to discuss the broad question of economic reform based upon Catholic principles, particularly where those principles coincide with the principles of the moral law common to civilized nations and individuals outside the Catholic Church, to the end that there may be a concert of effort to work a fundamental reform of present conditions.

In the statement of the beneficent Leo you have the answer, and it does not need much elaboration beyond a definition of terms. It does, however, require the resolute purpose on our part to translate it into action. He plainly asserts the "safety of the commonwealth" is a government's whole reason for existence. Governments are great, or governments fail, according to how those in authority interpret the expression "safety of the commonwealth."

Does the safety of the commonwealth mean merely things—materials, bonds and dollars, brick and stone, pavements and public buildings, battleships and customs barriers, tariffs and laws? Or does it mean something more—human beings and their souls: their aspirations, culture, health and happiness? Does it mean just things you can see and touch or does it mean the imperishable splendors of man and life? Answer that question and define the answer in such a way that the verdict will be confirmed in the court that is supreme above all, and we have our course charted for us.

Too many of those in positions of leadership are inclined to raise their banners without serious intent of practical action. They lack either the vision or the courage to do those things that are necessary and must be done if the souls and bodies and minds of human beings are to be safeguarded. We are prone to be vocal in defense of Leo's mandate but we slur the action needed if we really mean that its light will reach into the remotest corners of despair.

After having served as Mayor of Detroit during particularly harassed times, Mr. Frank Murphy is leaving to become Governor General of the Philippines. THE COMMONWEAL extended to him an invitation to discuss government in its relation to social ethics, and he has been kind enough to send the interesting paper which follows. It is both a discussion of principle and a commentary upon the experience which the author himself gained. The greatness of government lies, he writes, in moral achievement.—The Editors.

In our brave Detroit today there are more than 250,000 human beings absolutely destitute; a city of destitution within a city that was five years ago the richest on earth in material things. It is the duty of those in authority to succor their immediate wants first,

and next, attempt a start, at least, in the direction of a constructive, permanent plan of rehabilitation. Any other course is at once stupid and unthinkable; yet the policies of my government were subjected to terrific criticism and opposition at first, until belatedly, on the fringe of desperation themselves, most of the critical came to understand. It is significant that the majority of the unreasoning critics of my welfare relief policies have come around recently to support government as well as personal responsibility for the care of the jobless. Slowly has come an appreciation of the fact that a government is not a government at all if it smugly and complacently says, "What are private charities for? Don't we contribute to them? If they are hard pressed it is just too bad, but we have done our share." How far does that attitude go when 60,000 helpless children in a city are hungry, and threatened with malnutrition? Government cannot possibly escape the responsibility obligatory upon it. The welfare of the souls of these children depends in part on social justice. Private charities are fine and will do their share, but this is the first duty of government!

Therefore, when the crisis came to Detroit, we attempted practical application of Leo's injunction—we marshalled the whole resources of our city to safeguard its people and put them in the way of hope and strength. We did not stand passively by, but we found out conditions as they affected all of our people, and we gave relief. We swung government into action as an instrument to safeguard the common weal, for we sensed that inextricably interwoven with the social and economic rights of the people was their spiritual welfare. We saw the graph lines mount as malnutrition of children increased, and we took steps to provide them with nourishment. We saw the plight of the aged, and we attempted to shelter them, shield them in their last days. Direct relief, carefully planned, was extended to the limit in behalf of those helpless ones at life's extremities—the children and the destitute aged—and also for the able jobless denied the right to earn their bread.

"The old folks are always with us—that's nothing new," glibly prates him of small vision. But the problem of the aged today is a new problem in many ways. This machine age, with its trek to the cities, its apartment dwellings with no spare rooms for non-producers whose work is done, modern machinery and group insurance plans making the fellow in middle life a drag on the market, has created a problem that is new, with special aspects and conditions, and so we must set up machinery to give the aged special attention. Specifically we arranged for adequate care for the old people. If government did its duty as it should, every poorhouse in the land would be abolished, and all the old folks, who have done their job in the world of men, would be permitted to gather their years in their homes, amidst their loved ones.

How about a government's duty when depression conditions force girls in some instances to work for a few cents a day, if they work at all—breaking their hearts, wrecking their spirit—when mothers in factories get less than carfare, when able factory hands, in their prime, are either workless altogether or earning less in a week than they formerly earned in a day? Are these things something for government to remedy or are they not?

Of course they are! As Leo put it, care for the community "is government's whole reason for existence." When industrial disputes occur, is it the duty of government to take a hand or not? A government which attempts to live by our definition cannot evade this responsibility. It can, as Detroit's government did, step in and with discrimination and care offer constructive service toward adjustment and betterment. It can set up an impartial commission, as Detroit did in the recent motor industry strike, and make the investigation and its results available both to the employer and employee. In this manner the world is kept informed and participants know that public opinion will render a verdict. A government that is actuated by lofty ideals of what government should be can influence public opinion by firm but tempered statement that will aid in the solution of industrial disputes.

We have had years of trouble—lean, dark years. One thing that intelligent persons cannot fail to realize is that many of the evils which have befallen us have been the result of failure to acknowledge unpleasant facts, to face them openly and do something about them. We haven't displayed even a willingness to face facts as we should. Let us resolve against any more conspiracies of silence.

We are on the doorstep of an era during which we must study and perfect the means by which government may be put once more at the service of humanity. The care of the needy is no sentimental duty. The rock upon which our government is built is justice—not pity—and this is a matter of justice.

And not only of justice but of right and duty. A public servant, no matter what his title, must set out resolutely, if he is of the right stuff and has been blessed by the Almighty with wisdom and vision, to struggle for the safety of the community, to secure which is "government's whole reason for existence."

He must muster all the forces of government, and in his official acts he must translate the philosophy of Leo into action that will mean a safer and happier community of the present, and a community of the future in which social and economic tragedies are guarded against by wise planning and thoughtful administration in the people's interest.

The enlightened administrator must put his very soul into the fight to guard against undernourished children, neglected old folks and victimized wage-workers. He must plan, yes, but mere plans and words are not enough. He must act; and his acts must be written into the statutes in the form of old age pensions, better factory laws and general social legislation; they must be in brick and stone in the shape of hospitals for children; they must be in dollars and cents and bread and butter in the form of relief and succor for the helpless victims of an unemployment they did not create.

It is a high ministry, that of government. It is putting Christianity to work, and by that standard its success or failure will be measured.

Mediaeval Love Lyric

The smooth light winds again arise,
The sun is half-warm on the eyes;
Earth has again undone her dress,
Enchanted with her loveliness.

In royal purple spring goes forth,
Clothed in adornments of her worth;
The world with flowers in pilgrimage
She strews, and woods with foliage.

The animals now build their homes,
And birds their airy catacombs;
They, on the prosperous branch, rejoice,
Crying the season with glad voice.

While I attend, the eye will see,
The ear will show delight to me;
O cry "Alas" that for such joy
The spirit sighs with close annoy.

Here, to myself, alone I sit,
And, turning here, grow pale of it,
While, if by chance, I raise my head,
I see nor thing nor hear word said.

Of you, O Spring, I have your grace
Exalted, praising of this place
The foliage, the flowers, the grass;
And yet I sigh before my glass.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

THE FARMER TURNS GANGSTER

By ERNEST A. DEWEY

AT NOON of February 14 a worried-looking, middle-aged man in overalls and battered black hat entered the lobby of the Garden City (Kansas) National Bank. Almost timidly he approached the cage "I've got to have some money," he told L. G. Perry, assistant cashier of the bank. Before Perry could make any reply, the man drew a revolver from the pocket of his coat. The assistant cashier handed over \$1,838 from his counter drawer and obeyed the robber's request to lie face downward on the floor along with S. E. Moss, cashier of the bank, and two customers. There was the sound of the street-door opening and then closing quickly. Thinking the robber had gone, one of the bank officials started to get up but was halted by the voice of the bank robber. "I'm sorry," apologized the "borrower," "but I'm desperate. I'll pay this back when times get good." The front door opened and closed once more.

The apologetic bank robber has been caught. He is Ross Mundell, fifty-one-year-old Kearny County, Kansas, wheat farmer. Six years ago he was wealthy. Since then he suffered several crop failures, then, in 1931, wheat prices fell to the calamity price of \$.25 per bushel. Recently foreclosure action was brought against his live stock and farm machinery. After leaving the bank, Mundell went to the farm home of a neighbor, Henry Walle.

"I've just robbed the Garden City bank," he told Walle, "and I want you to take this money and bury it. Later I want you to give it to Mrs. Mundell and the children. All of us are facing starvation and I couldn't bear to see the children go hungry. I'm going down the road now and kill myself."

Mundell had scarcely reached the road before he was overtaken by Sheriff Terwilliger of Garden City and taken into custody. He readily admitted the robbery. Dependable citizens of the vicinity appeared to sign bond for his appearance to stand trial almost before Mundell was locked up. What form justice will take in the case of Ross Mundell is not known, but his action is clearly indicative of the desperation of the farmer in Kansas and the Middle West.

Revolt is in the saddle in the farm belt from Ohio to the Rockies. Not even in the Populistic nineties was so great a section of our rural population in a state of active ferment. The farmer no longer views with alarm. His faith in politicians and political panaceas and palliatives has all but evaporated. He faces his condition with a grimness born of desperation. His battle is the more

bitter because he feels he is facing the inevitable. There is in him a hopelessness that never entered his perennial conflict with nature. Torrential rains and hail that beat his grain to the ground, droughts and blasting hot winds that shriveled the wheat on the stalk and caused the corn to "fire"—these he accepted as a natural part of his elemental conflict. But his new enemy—the farm mortgage which burdens every third owned-farmstead in the nation—threatens to take from him even his right to the soil and turn the farmer and his family empty-handed and hungry into the road.

In 1929 about 45,000 American farms were foreclosed. In 1930 54,000 more were foreclosed; in 1931, 100,000; and in 1932 150,000 farmers saw their farm homes gobbled up by the rapacious mortgage. One out of every ten American farms has been foreclosed or sold at forced sales during the last five years and another 3½ percent have been sold for taxes.

Out of the 6,000,000 farms in the United States, only about half are owned by their occupants, and 1,497,000 of that 3,000,000 are mortgaged. The total farm mortgage debt in 1920 was a little more than half of the gross farm income for that year. In 1932 the situation was exactly reversed. The farm mortgage debt for 1932 was \$9,000,000,000, an increase from \$7,850,000,000 in 1920, while the gross farm income dropped from \$13,500,000,000 in 1920 to only \$5,240,000,000 in 1932.

The capital value of American agriculture has decreased \$21,700,000,000 since 1920.

In addition to all this, farm taxes in 1932 were \$776,875,000 and the burden of interest on the farm mortgage load amounts to almost exactly \$500,000,000.

As the farmer's income fell lower and lower, his debt piled higher and higher. It not only increased in actual dollars but its burden was multiplied by every drop in the price of farm products. From the figures I have quoted it will be obvious to anyone that it is an impossibility for the farmer to retire his debt. This is the great American farm problem which has evoked so much discussion and political oratory and which resembles the weather in that "everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it." It is a problem to which no one has been able to supply an answer. There are many, indeed, who insist that there is no solution. The politicians have not yet given up but, after his experience with the Farm Board, the farmer is suspicious of anything with a Washington trade-mark. He views the proposed domestic allotment plan with the fatalistic observa-

tion that "nothing the politicians can do now can make matters any worse."

Since his abiding faith in a governmental Santa Claus has been shattered, the farmer has begun to wonder if there was not some wisdom in the contention of those who objected to governmental effort to "relieve" agriculture. "The salvation of the farmer lies with the farmer himself," declared these protestors. Adopting that advice in a manner peculiarly his own, the farmer has started battling to solve his problem and flail himself free from the dragging tentacles of the mortgage octopus. These efforts have been crude, sometimes drastic, but it can be said for them that they are more effective than anything yet tried.

The first such effort that attracted attention was in Iowa, where farmers literally laid siege to Sioux City, Council Bluffs and other cities by declaring themselves "on strike" and picketing all roads leading into the beleaguered cities. With guns, clubs and fists they prevented the delivery of milk and farm produce in hope that sheer necessity would force local increases in the price of farm products. The strike was not particularly successful but its sponsors did not consider it a failure. Organizing the Farmer's Holiday Association, they hoped to make the strike nation-wide. There are pickets patrolling the highways near a number of Iowa cities even now, but only a few farm communities in other states have imitated this effort.

The second effort was much more effective and has resulted in a widespread, organized movement to prevent foreclosure sales of farms and farm property all over the grain belt. A New York life insurance company had foreclosed a \$30,000 mortgage on a farm not far from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the county sheriff was met at the courthouse steps by a crowd of determined farmers who forbade him to hold the sale to satisfy the judgment. An attorney who appeared as agent for the insurance company was seized by the crowd. The circuit court judge appealed to the mob to let the law take its course and was applauded by a hail of stones and clods. The property was not sold.

As a result of this and similar outbreaks a number of banks and five large insurance companies promised "leniency" to Iowa farmers, and a virtual moratorium on farm mortgage foreclosures exists, by an act of the Iowa legislature allowing the holder of a farmstead to prevent foreclosure of his property until March 1, 1935, by making formal appeal to a district court.

A few weeks ago, in Lane County, Kansas, the sheriff was threatened with hanging by several hundred farmers if he attempted to hold a farm foreclosure sale. In this instance the sheriff entered into the spirit of the occasion and made a speech to the crowd, explaining humorously that

he had just discovered that his attention was demanded by a safecracking case and he "regretted" he could not "entertain" them by holding the sale.

Ropes have been prominently displayed at many of these gatherings. In Nebraska and Ohio, where sales were attempted on the farmstead to be sold, it has been reported that nooses swung in barn doors or from hay derricks—usually for the benefit of agents of mortgage holders, to discourage any attempt to enter bids.

In many states these revolting farmers have discovered a way to turn the sales to their advantage. By preventing agents for mortgage holders from entering bids, either by threats or force, it is possible for members of the crowd to set their own prices upon property sold. At this writing, practically every farm sale held in Ohio, especially those to foreclose chattels, is attended by a body of members of one of these "farmers' defense" organizations who bid \$.01 and \$.02 on horses, mules, tractors, wagons and other equipment and demand that they be sold after the second bid. In one day, recently, two such sales in northeastern Ohio retired a mortgage indebtedness of \$1,200 for the sum of \$16.46. Tractors were sold for \$.25, horses brought \$.10, pigs \$.05 and even \$.03, and wagons \$.15. After the sale the property is returned to its former owner on a "ninety-nine-year lease." These occasions appear to be entirely satisfactory to everyone concerned, with the exception of the mortgage holders.

Notice of a foreclosure sale of a farm in Nebraska was legally published the other day and the county sheriff appeared to hold the sale. The bank at Sun City, holding the mortgage, learned the intention of the farmers present and attempted to call off the sale. The crowd demanded that the sale be held and the bank's mortgage of several thousand dollars was legally satisfied for several hundred and there doesn't seem to be anything the Sun City bank can do about it.

The equity powers of courts in most states permit the awarding of judgment against the mortgagor, in event the sum realized by sale is insufficient to discharge the amount due under the mortgage, but, obviously, there is no point in gaining judgment against a farmer already bankrupt.

So far as I have been able to learn, only one of these "strong-armed" sales has found its way into court. The farm of Charles Grady of Champaign County, Illinois, was put up at foreclosure sale to satisfy a \$2,750 mortgage. Bidding stopped and the farm was declared sold at \$4.75. A Monticello man held the mortgage and has brought an action in the Urbana court contesting the sale on the ground that bidding was non-competitive and a conspiracy existed to defraud the mortgage holder. The case has not yet come to trial.

Legislative sympathy palpably is with the farmers in the agricultural belt. The legislature of

Kansas alone has taken steps to outlaw the "short-change" foreclosure sale, jamming the legislation through both houses in one afternoon's session. Before farm organizations could formulate a protest, the measure was law. A six-month "moratorium" on all mortgage foreclosures was declared at the same session, however.

Another emotional element in the farm revolt has appeared in an agrarian Joan of Arc—Mrs. L. A. Pearson, a middle-aged, bobbed-haired farm wife who has become a storm center in the Nebraska moratorium movement. She first appeared in Scotts Bluff County where she stopped a foreclosure sale in dramatic fashion. Her fluffy, blond hair flying in the prairie wind, she harangues crowds of farmers at outdoor meetings with a flaming earnestness, and her following increases daily. The lull in ordinary activities resulting from the recent national bank holiday brought redoubled agitation and increased audiences. Her official position is vice-chairman of the Cheyenne County Farm Holiday Association and she announces that she will organize farm holiday groups over the Middle West until every move to dispossess farmer-debtors is halted.

These movements have spread like prairie fires over the farm belt. Under such names as Nebraska Moratorium Association, Iowa Farmers' Council of Defense, the Farmers' Cussin' Club, and the high-sounding Agrarian League for Mutual Aid and Protective Research, these groups are springing up in Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, Colorado, Missouri and virtually every state with any appreciable agricultural population. Their simple purpose is to fight, by whatever means at hand, the common economic enemy—the Nine-Billion-Dollar American Farm Mortgage.

It probably will be said that the extra-legal methods used by these groups constitute mere robbery of the individuals and institutions who trusted the farmer with commercial loans. That may be true. There probably is no essential difference between the action of these groups and the action of Ross Mundell, the Kansas farmer who held up the Garden City Bank. Call it agricultural gangsterism or what you will, but the same spirit of hopeless desperation is behind the foreclosure sale strong-arm methods of these "farmers' defense" organizations and the gun the apologetic farmer pointed at the bank cashier.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

IN APRIL Canada visited Washington, called upon President Roosevelt, discussed trade reciprocity between Canada and the United States. The meeting was testimony for the truth that geography is more potent than imperial sentiment, and that, in the last analysis, trade knows no flag. For more than eighty years, despite disappointments and defeats, the desire of Canadians to trade with their neighbors has persisted, triumphing over the mistakes of politicians, over the wisest and best-laid plans of economic imperialists, and today, with the echoes of last year's empire conclave not yet died down, it is as compelling as before.

Reciprocity's story, largely the history of Canadian-American relations, goes back to the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Up to 1846 Canada's chief markets were in the United Kingdom, where she enjoyed a preference. Canadians bought wheat in the United States, milled it in Canada, sold it profitably to Britain. They sold as well lumber and fish and a long line of natural products, built up a prosperous export trade, established ports and shipping. When, almost without warning, the Corn Laws were repealed, this trade was swept away. The chief industries of Canada and the Maritime Provinces, in which great sums had been invested, and upon which the whole com-

merce of the country depended, were faced with ruin. It placed a severe strain upon the British connection.

With the material advantages of membership in the empire gone, Canadians began looking to Washington. One group, which included a future Canadian Prime Minister, declared for annexation to the United States. Others, equally resentful of British treatment, but loath to break from the empire, declared for reciprocity.

In 1854 reciprocity came. It gave to the fishermen of the United States the right to take fish of every kind from Canadian waters, with permission to land upon the shores and coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to dry their nets and cure their fish; and it admitted to the United States free of duty a long list of Canada's natural products. The free navigation of the St. Lawrence and of the canals in Canada was conceded to the United States, and the navigation of Lake Michigan secured to British subjects.

The treaty benefited both countries. The value of fish taken by the fishing vessels of Maine and Massachusetts in the fisheries of Canadian waters increased enormously. In mackerel alone there was a gain from 250 vessels, manned by 2,750 men, to 600 vessels, employing 9,000 men, and

the value of the catch increased from \$85,000 in 1854 to nearly \$5,000,000 in 1866. Gross exchange of natural products between the two countries rose from \$20,000,000 in 1854 to \$84,000,000 in 1866; and during the thirteen years that the treaty was in operation Canadian exports to the United States were in round figures \$267,000,000, her imports \$363,000,000.

The treaty was terminated in 1866 at the instance of the United States. The reason given was that the benefits of the agreement were too one-sided, though Canadian historians have always held that the true cause was prejudice in the North against Canada for her supposed sympathy with the Confederate States during the Civil War. This and also a belief on the part of some that repeal of the treaty would sooner or later force Canada into annexation.

Termination of the treaty brought a repetition of the gloom and apprehension which prevailed among Canadians after the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and almost from the day that the treaty was denounced the Canadian authorities labored at Washington for its revival. There followed thirty-five years of vain and impotent diplomacy, years of harsh tariff treatment of Canada, years of gradual relaxation of Canadian rights under treaty engagements to keep the peace between Great Britain and the United States. In 1869, in 1870, in 1871 and again in 1874 Canadian statesmen went to Washington, seeking reciprocity upon almost any terms, but always in vain. On the last occasion, in 1874, when the most generous terms were offered, Congress refused to even consider them.

There followed the Canadian protectionist policy of 1878. It was, in part, a measure of retaliation against the United States, but at the same time left the door open for reciprocity. Leaders of all parties, no matter what their fiscal creeds, looked upon the republic as the dominion's natural market, and while they gave preferences to England they gave them with the understanding that they must not prejudice the right to make a treaty of reciprocity with Washington. Neither McKinley nor Payne-Aldrich tariffs, hitting hard at Canada, could weaken that objective.

Then, in 1911, came a new development. United States sentiment veering temporarily toward lower tariffs, the Republican party, through Mr. Taft, came out for reciprocity; and there followed the memorable treaty made with the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The weakness of that agreement, leading to its rejection by Canada, was patent. It lay in the fact that the agreement could be abrogated at any time by either one of the contracting parties, this providing no guarantee of stability, and offering a constant threat of sudden dangerous dislocation. Upon such grounds, fortified by indiscreet state-

ments from Mr. Taft and Mr. Champ Clark, Canada refused the treaty.

The rejection was perhaps vindicated by subsequent history. When Woodrow Wilson took office there came the Wilson-Underwood tariff, with its offer of reciprocal free trade in natural products. Canada accepted the offer. But in 1920, when the dominion had built up a huge export trade to the United States in live stock and other farm products, Congress scrapped the Wilson-Underwood tariff without warning, plunging Canadian agriculture into a desperate depression. It was one of the hardest blows ever struck at Canadian agriculture.

What has since happened is contemporary history. It is written in the Fordney-McCumber and Hawley-Smoot tariffs, in Canadian retaliation, in the Empire Economic Conference treaties of 1932, in a more than 60 percent decline in the trade between the two countries.

Canadians, regardless of party, wish to end this warfare. They believe that geography and wide intercourse and common beliefs and institutions dictate the freest possible trade between themselves and their neighbors, and that nothing, neither empire imperialism nor economic imperialism—and least of all economic nationalism—should be permitted to interfere with it. Thus, if the Roosevelt administration should make a reasonable offer of reciprocity to Canada, its acceptance is all but a foregone conclusion.

Fond

(On my son)

Have you ever seen his equal?
Look at the brave square head
Built so solid under the frowzy hairs.
The mold ran full at his making. Like lead.
He's dense to the inch, good stuff and heavy;
No broth of a man—pure ornate flesh of him.
He could have been cast for a temple; bowls of peace
Burn upward when he sits for his own whim.

Having no servants he will wake up nights,
Command in carillon of symbols, strict attention.
A headless pin annoys the restive lord.
Fetch lustral water, lights,
Blare, blare, how dare the world go out of joint?

In daytime he is bland. Exact invention
Supplies his want, makes his state smooth and calm,
Keeps him well-oiled in godhead. He has stares
Can make us toy away the niggling minutes
That bite his nape; or should the cares
Of statehood on a rubber ball annoy
He can convey his meaning sharp and plain,
And like poor laymen we must take it all in fun.

Ah yes, he's strict. Sways sweetly, and sweetly
We complain.

OSCAR BYRNES.

HITLERISM AND RELIGION

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE ACCESSION to supreme power in Germany of Adolf Hitler has raised issues of the utmost gravity, not only in Germany itself, but in Europe, which far exceed the disturbance in world-wide Jewry, serious as that condition is. It definitely affects German Catholicism and Protestantism in vital ways. Catholics are facing a cruel dilemma. The hierarchy of the Reich has been placed in a position of obvious embarrassment. This is shown by the fact that Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, speaking for all the bishops of Fulda, has removed at least part of the ban placed by the Fulda bishops on the National Socialist party two years ago, while similar bans still remain in force elsewhere.

Moreover, not only are German Catholics, and Jews, violently disorganized and left in a state of acute uncertainty and embarrassment, but German Protestantism now faces an issue which still more disturbs the previous uncertain orientation of the moral and spiritual forces of Germany, and, hence, of Europe and the world. For, in Hitlerism, the German Catholics, the Jews and the Lutherans, not to mention, at present, the millions of German Communists and other adherents of less strict forms of Marxian Socialism, face a tremendous force, which for the moment anyhow has gripped the imaginations and fired the wills of the majority of the German people, and which possesses many of the characteristics of a powerful religious spirit. It is racial nationalism exalted to religious fervor. Temporarily, at least, this passionate spirit has absorbed and energized huge masses of Lutheranism, identifying the traditional Protestantism of the Reich with perfervid nationalistic zeal, and attracting to its romantic and inspiring forward movement many Catholics, especially among the youth. Not since the condemnation of the ultra-nationalistic and paganized forces which dominate the Action Française, with the consequent alienation of large numbers of French Catholics from unity with Rome, has the Catholic Church confronted so difficult and potentially dangerous a situation.

It is of the utmost importance that American Catholics should gain definite information on this subject. We strongly recommend them—and all non-Catholics as well who desire to understand the inner meaning of the latest revolution (or latest phase of the continuing revolution) in Germany—to read three important articles dealing with Hitlerism's relations with religion. The first is "The Catholic Church and Hitlerism," by John B. Mason, Ph.D., in the April number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*; the second is "Hitler and

German Religion," by E. G. Homrighansen, in the issue of the *Christian Century* for March 29; and the third is "Adolf Hitler," by Daniel A. Binchy, in the March issue of *Studies*, an Irish quarterly review published by the Jesuit Fathers of Dublin. Mr. Mason's article is the most important of the three, in the sense that it deals with the tremendous social forces of which Hitlerism is the expression more explicitly than the other articles; but Mr. Binchy's article gives by far the best account of Hitler himself that so far we have observed, and provides, therefore, an interesting and lucid way of approaching the grave problems set forth in the *Christian Century* article, which is written from a Protestant point of view, and Mr. Mason's carefully documented account of the Catholic problem.

Mr. Binchy knows Germany well, having been the Minister of the Irish Free State to the Reich from 1929 to 1932, while his personal knowledge of Hitlerism began many years before that time. He first encountered Adolf Hitler in 1921, when he attended a meeting of what had been described to him as "a new freak party," in a small hall in Munich. The audience was sparse. It

... seemed to be drawn from the poorest of the poor, the "down-and-outs" of the city; indeed, except for a sprinkling of ex-soldiers, I might well have believed myself assisting at a continuation of a Communist meeting which I had attended in a neighboring hall a few nights previous.

Hitler was seated on the platform while the chairman opened the meeting. Of him Mr. Binchy says:

I remember wondering idly if it would be possible to find a more commonplace-looking man. His countenance was opaque, his complexion pasty, his hair plastered down with some glistening unguent, and, as if to accentuate the impression of insignificance, he wore a carefully docked "toothbrush" mustache. I felt willing to bet that in private life he was a plumber: a whispered query to my friend (a German college student) brought the information that he was a housepainter.

Then Hitler spoke. His insignificant exterior was forgotten.

Here was a born natural orator. He began slowly, almost hesitatingly, stumbling over the construction of his sentences, correcting his dialect pronunciation. His voice rose victorious over falterings, his eyes blazed with conviction, his whole body became an instrument of rude eloquence. As his exaltation increased, his voice rose almost to a scream, his

gesticulation became a wild pantomime, and I noticed traces of foam at the corners of his mouth.

His audience became excited and there ensued "a scene of hysterical enthusiasm which baffles description." Leaving the hall, Mr. Binchy remarked to his German friend: "A harmless lunatic with the gift of oratory." The German's answer was: "No lunatic with the gift of oratory is harmless."

Throughout the address the same dominant phrases "kept recurring . . . like motifs in a symphony: the Marxist traitors, the criminals who caused the Revolution, and—most insistent of all—the Jews."

Nine years later, Consul General Binchy, as he then was, in 1929, heard Hitler again, celebrating the success of the party created and led by him in the general election of that year. His appearance had changed but little. "In his speech I found no change at all . . . the same denunciations, the same digressions—and the same enthusiasm." In nine years the obscure housepainter had become the leader of the second largest party in Germany. Now, three years later, he is the Chancellor of the Reich—almost an absolute Dictator; certainly the most powerful personality in Germany, and, for the moment at least, master of that country.

An Austrian by birth, his mother, however, apparently being a Bohemian of Czech nationality, brought up in poverty, and with scanty, elementary education—which, however, he supplemented by enormous, indiscriminate reading—he went from Vienna to Munich when he was twenty-three. Soon afterward, he was a private soldier, later a lance-corporal, in a Bavarian regiment. He hated and detested the Hapsburg rulers of his own country, for he had become a fanatical devotee of the cult of German supremacy over all other "lesser breeds" outside the "law" of Nordic racialism as preached by the Frenchman, Gobineau, and the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Hitler fought bravely and devotedly, like millions of his fellow soldiers (including Jews). He was wounded and gassed and decorated with the Iron Cross. On the day when the Revolution threw down the shattered ruins of the German Empire, Hitler was in a hospital, and, for the first time since his parent's death (as he relates in his verbose and flatulent autobiography) he wept, when he heard the news. To him it meant the triumph of all that he most bitterly hated. The forces of "defeatism," political democracy, and, above all, the Communists, led, as he believed, by the deadliest of all the enemies of Germanic culture and predominance, the Jews, had won the field. The Emperor had fled. All the kings of the empire were thrust down. The Prussian overlords were cast aside. The exterior enemies of the true Germany later on

completed the evil work of the traitors, at Versailles. And the little, half-blinded, ignorant, poverty-stricken lance-corporal, legally an alien in Germany, set forth from that hour to reverse the course of one of the most complete and catastrophic revolutions known to history. Or, rather, he dreamed of a re-creation, rather than a mere return to the pre-war status. His vision was of a Germany in which the masses of the poor, the proletariat and small farmers, should gain justice and decent living status, led by a rejuvenated aristocracy—not merely that of birth and official position, but chiefly, in leadership anyhow, a natural aristocracy of talent vowed above all things to purge the German spirit of all "alien" elements, Jews especially, and dedicated to the complete restoration of the German race to glory and power.

The Reverend Mr. Homrighansen describes the situation as follows:

Spengler a number of years ago told us to prepare for the approaching age of the Caesars. "We shall not make another Goethe, but we shall make another Caesar," he said. "A Roman hardness is beginning and soon there will be room for nothing else." Regardless of the truth or the untruth of the Spenglerian view of our future, seen in terms of an almost deterministic cyclicalism, we must admit that what Spengler said is curiously coming to pass. It is with the realization of this historical morphology that Germany has to do and will have to do in the coming years. Those who look for the quick failure of Hitlerism are not acquainted with the underlying psychology of our age nor with the philosophical and mystical basis of Fascism. There is a dark day facing those champions of democracy, liberty of conscience and worship and research in the face of the inevitable "hardness" of a political philosophy which is arrogating to itself the nature of a religion, demanding absolute allegiance, not merely a passive submission. For with the coming of the Caesars, there has always come a cult of the absolute mystical state, with a dictator assuming the rôle of a pontifex maximus who ordains a priesthood of military men as well as a cultus of political and social philosophy that is more a flaming passion than it is a specific metaphysics or systematic political philosophy.

. . . Hitler declares . . . there must come again that absolute national life in which every person will be forced to enlist with participative zeal as though he were a soldier fighting for the glory that once shone around the German people. Therefore, the anti-Semitic spirit. . . .

Hitlerism is almost a religion, and yet it does not attempt to usurp the place of religion. Hitler is himself a Catholic and attends Mass faithfully. What is more, he demands that members of the Nazi group be "positively" Christian. Time and again he has appealed to his Church for support and has sought clerical conduct of Nazi funerals and weddings; in

spite of many refusals, he has not turned against religion as Communism has. But Hitlerism believes in a mystical and Platonic idea of the Reich. Hitler feels himself to be the chosen Messiah who will be instrumental under God in reestablishing the glory that once belonged to the fatherland. . . .

In the *Ecclesiastical Review* article, Mr. Mason quotes in full some of the official utterances of the German bishops against Hitlerism, and gives a clear account of why the Catholic authorities found the philosophy and practice of German Fascism so repugnant to Christian doctrine. He quotes in full the correspondence between the Nazi leader in Hesse, Erich Berger, and the diocesan authorities of Mainz (Mayence). The former asked the latter whether it were true that Catholics were "forbidden to be registered members of the Hitler party," and were not "allowed to attend funerals and other church occasions in corporate groups," and whether Catholics who became registered members of the Hitler party were refused the sacraments. The diocesan authorities answered emphatically in the affirmative on all three points. The official statements of the program of the Hitler party, and passages from the writings of Hitler himself, and of the co-founder of the Nazi party, Rudolf Jung, were quoted by the Chancellor of Mainz to prove that "the National Socialists take a position inimical to the Catholic Church." The final paragraphs of the diocesan condemnation of National Socialism are as follows:

The leaders of the N. S. D. A. P. want a German God, a German Christianity and a German Church. Gottfried Feder says: "Certainly the German people, too, will some day find a form for its way of confessing God, its life in God as its share of Nordic blood demands; certainly only then will the trinity of blood, faith and state be perfect" This is to demand nothing but a German National Church. This is more clearly expressed by Rudolf Jung, co-founder of the N. S. D. A. P. and member of parliament in Prague, who writes in his book, "Der nationale Sozialismus," as follows: "We describe our aims briefly by the name of People's Church. In this connection we are not thinking in any way of the founding of a new Church, still less of a substitute for Christianity, such as, perhaps by a renewed belief in Wotan. Great and powerful as it was and much as we are attached to it in remembrance, it outlived itself almost a thousand years ago even in the North, its last place of refuge, and degenerated there into idolatry. . . . When we speak of a German People's Church, we think of an amalgamation of the two churches existing in German lands. It would have to consist in the disassociation from Roman centralization, the international spirit and the Old Testament, these essentially Jewish things; and be the work of German priests who love their people and are imbued with its spirit" (pages 105 ff.).

Through this conception of religion the National Socialists take a position inimical to the Catholic Church. For this reason National Socialist speakers have repeatedly expressed in popular meetings the idea: "Our fight is against Judaism and Rome." Hitler, to be sure, has written in his book, "Mein Kampf," some words of praise about the Christian religion and Catholic institutions, but that does not deceive us about the fact that the cultural policies of National Socialism are opposed to Catholic Christianity.

The above statements answer the questions: Can a Catholic be a registered member of the Hitler party? Can a Catholic rector allow that members of this party attend church funerals and other church occasions in corporate groups? Can a Catholic who professes the principles of this party be admitted to the holy sacraments?

We must answer these questions negatively.

(signed) Dr. Mayer.

Mr. Mason comments:

It is most noteworthy that consequent to this Mainz statement the *Osservatore Romano* declared its own position as follows: "The symbol of German National Socialism, the swastika, is a pagan symbol which stands in sharpest opposition to Christianity, Paragraph 24 of the National Socialist program is pagan in its presupposition and consequences. It leads, logically, through the destruction of the Christian world order and its substitution through a racial world order to the ancient pagan cult of Wotan. Membership in the National Socialist party is incompatible with the Catholic conscience."

The arguments of the Catholic hierarchy in Germany against National Socialism may be summed up as follows: The National Socialist movement is not only a political party, but also a *Weltanschauung*. It contains in its cultural-political program heresies, as it rejects or misinterprets essential doctrines of the Catholic faith, and because, according to declaration of its leaders, it intends to substitute a new *Weltanschauung* for the Christian faith. Leading representatives of National Socialism put race above religion. They reject the revelations of the Old Testament, even the Mosaic Ten Commandments, because they are "Jewish." They deny the primacy of the Pope on the ground that he is a non-German authority. According to paragraph 24 of the party program the eternally valid Christian moral law is to be tested by the "moral feeling" of the Germanic race. The ideas of the right to revolution, if successful, and of might before right, are opposed to the Christian doctrine of society. From the pronouncements of the party or its leaders it follows: what National Socialism calls Christianity, is not the Christianity of Christ. National Socialist leaders further play with the idea of a German National Church without dogmas.

THE CROSS MARKET

By FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS

LUIGINA had had much trouble. She had been obliged to let little Natalino, her only child, join the angels, though she and her husband had tended him so carefully, had prayed and made vows to Heaven that he might be spared to them. Then their house had been burnt down, and it was not insured. There was a blight on the olive trees and the fruit rotted before it was ripe. Year after year the peach harvest failed and frost ruined the carnations. Two goats which their neighbor's boy, Nino Leone, had taken with him to pasture, had got lost and never been found again, which led to bitter enmity with the Leones and all their clan. The third goat had broken its leg and had had to be killed, and last of all the fishing-boat had capsized and they had brought Luigina's husband home—drowned. . . .

For weeks and weeks Luigina had cried, and then a stony numbness had come over her; like a black statue, silent and repellant, she passed through the village on her way to the church and to the cemetery; she let nobody enter her chamber except old Zina, who was as silent as she.

There Luigina sat before the crucifix in the corner, gazing with wide-open eyes. At last she told Zina that she would hang all her troubles on the cross in spirit, as they hung the sheaves of corn on the arms of the cross at harvest time. . . . But it seemed to old Zina that she was not doing it in meekness of spirit: what glowed in Luigina's eyes as she spoke and counted her troubles was more like pride. But old Zina said nothing.

Then Luigina began again to stand among the other women in front of the church and she joined them at market and at the great washing-trough in the village. And she talked to the women—only not to the Leones—and spoke of her misfortunes and that no one else had such a heavy burden to bear as she.

As Easter drew near Zina asked her: "Luigina, do you know that on Good Friday night the great Cross Market takes place on Monte Calvario?" And as Luigina shook her head, she went on: "All those who have a heavy cross to bear go up, and whoever has the heaviest is paid much deference." . . .

On Good Friday night Luigina began to climb the Monte Calvario; up through the olive grove she went. Down below in the churchyard among the cypresses the crosses moved in the light of the moon when it shone out between the ragged clouds that swept across the sky, and still lower down on the rocks, where the sea broke in white foam, crosses rose out of the deep—belonging surely to fishermen whom the sea had taken, and the poor demented souls who had sunk themselves and their crosses in it when they had seemed too heavy for them to bear any longer.

But in and out among the ghostly olive trees and in their flickering shadows, hundreds of people were flitting—among others the Leones—bent under their crosses, hundreds and thousands of them, and a wail rose from the ever-increasing multitude, and the wailing swelled to

a groan and the groan to a cry, almost a cry of exultation: I bear the heaviest cross!

As they emerged into the open it seemed to Luigina like a forest of crosses, nothing but crosses—and all just alike. The moonlight was quite clear now, and there in its bright light hung the Crucified. And on His cross hung all the sorrows of the world. Then the vast throng let their crosses drop and fell upon their knees. . . .

Next day, when Luigina came home after Resurrection, old Zina asked her: "What makes your eyes shine so brightly, Luigina?"

And Luigina answered: "It is the joy of—Ascension."

FOURTEEN MOSAICS

By BARRY BYRNE

THAT art, in the true sense of the word, should be brought to the service of religion, is in the nature of an accepted truism. This statement is one of those that is more approved than followed in action. In this respect it is similar to the belief in the necessity of following the rubrics in designing for the church, and also to the generally accepted idea that the plainchant is religiously and artistically suitable for Catholic worship. In all of these three instances, there is a cleavage between idea and action that produces a negative result. In the arts, which are the writer's more particular interest, the failure to follow the approved idea, is essentially uneconomical. It is to be noted that there is purchasing wisdom in securing art for the church, because work of that status becomes a cherished, permanent possession and its worth increases as it ages. This increase in value, and permanency, does not apply to lesser works in the category of art.

In commissioning Miss Elsa Schmid to execute a set of Way of the Cross stations in mosaic, Mrs. James Cox Brady displayed the courage and taste of an artistic conviction which should inspire higher standards. The effort, in this instance, was so clearly actuated by the desire to secure artistic worth, that it is interesting to record the success of the result, which is a Way of the Cross that is unhackneyed and freshly thought out. Were it to be said of Miss Schmid that she was an artist only, it would be to state the matter inadequately. She is that better person, a skilled craftsman, working in the medium of mosaic. While most artists designing for this medium are content to entrust their designs to commercial mosaic companies for execution, Miss Schmid goes the true way and designs directly in the tesserae, or small glass units, which form the mosaic, and thus carries her work into actual execution.

This is of far-reaching and significant consequence when the work is assayed for its artistic quality. The tesserae are used as if they were hard, brilliant sections of pigment, the style of treatment in the stations being broadened to meet the needs and possibilities of the mosaic. Surfaces are not the dull matter of smoothed over-areas, of mechanical appearance, usual in commercial mosaics, which makes the medium, so radiant in its possibilities, disappointingly dull in the commercial result. In Miss

Schmid's mosaics, not only the patterning of the tesserae becomes more integrated in the arrangement, but the variation in planes of the surface invites a play of light which adds an element of vibrancy, and also a surface subtlety, to her delineation of the figures of the Passion.

Artistically, these mosaics are the result of linking a modern approach to the subject-matter of the stations, with the true craft of mosaic, out of Byzantium. It is interesting work, vital, more particularly because of the truth and rightness of the method employed, than for quality of design, which is reminiscently painter-like. As design *in* mosaic it is in happy contrast to that indifferent matter, design *for* mosaic. In the method followed, of design in execution, lies the basis of the difference, granting Miss Schmid's talent, between a type of work that is performance only and these mosaics which impress by virtue of the integrity and truth of this method. These stations are not the simulations of paintings so usual in mosaics as they exist in our churches, and they more nearly approach a legitimate use of mosaic. That they are, in the separate stations, overindividualized for inter-relationship and for continuity of pattern, must be admitted. They are still a refreshing departure from what is usual, even in the way of serious attempts at art in this field of use, and both artist and donor are to be congratulated on the standard this work has established, in the field of religious, socialized art.

It is in this field of socialized art that the church offers an outstanding opportunity for the creative artist. A representational art is still one of the adjuncts of worship, though somewhat devitalized by that change in conditions in which the book has largely replaced the symbol, in vividness of presentation. Frescoes, sculpture and mosaics, in most relationships, lack point, due to a condition that does not beget a focalized interest. In a church, in contrast, such representational elements have positive relation to the interest of the beholder, because associated with meditative devotion. To meet a need, which still exists, the arts of painting and sculpture are brought into use.

That representational objects in a Catholic church are rarely of the status of art need not be stressed. They are usually the commodity of a church goods store and have worth only in the piety of their purpose. When not of this strictly commercial origin, they are usually of such an academic character that they remain uninformed with that interior quality, which distinguishes art and is expressive of aesthetic and spiritual content.

The benefit to art would be great and the spiritual purpose of these representational objects used in a church would be furthered, if of a quality comporting with the significance of subject and of use. There is, in these stations, evidence that the donor was conscious of this necessity for an artistic character, suitable for religious purposes. It is encouraging and refreshing to find, as in this instance, superiority of taste seeking its logical outlet in benefactions to our churches, which too often have been made the repository of commonplace objects, indicating a purchasing ability, but none of any other kind.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Pulitzer Award

TWO WEEKS ago, I ventured to give my vote in the matter of the Pulitzer award for this year to one of two plays, either "One Sunday Afternoon," or Maxwell Anderson's political tirade, "Both Your Houses," with a preference for the former chiefly because it was less topical and therefore of more enduring dramatic interest. It is rather pleasant to find that the Pulitzer judges actually picked the Anderson play. They evidently felt that its very topical quality brought it within the strict spirit of the award as a play making a definite contribution to American life.

I imagine that there will be less general criticism of this award than of several previous decisions. The selection of "Alison's House" two years ago came in for a general drubbing, in spite of the play's very obvious merits and distinguished feeling. Even last year's choice, "Of Thee I Sing," met with some caustic remarks, possibly because none of the critics had happened to think in advance of a musical play as a real possibility. But Mr. Anderson's tirade against log-rolling and indirect graft in national government has been on the preferred list of a number of the critics. Hence we are apt to hear that "at last" the Pulitzer judges are displaying common sense. Such are the slender rewards of an umpire's life!

"Both Your Houses" is moving shortly to the theatrical highways, in accordance with the Theatre Guild's road subscription plans, so that others than New Yorkers will have ample opportunity to see it. The play is much more than satire and much better than satire. It is a burning iron poked in the sides of the professional politicians, and its sizzling heat is all the more effective for coming from a well-tempered flame. Mr. Anderson does not permit ill-feeling to run away with him. He knows thoroughly all the obstacles to political honesty. He does not blame the individual politicians a whit more than the entire political system in which and through which they must work, nor more, for that matter, than the lethargic voters themselves. He distributes his blame carefully and with more than ordinary justice. He does not write as a sanctimonious reformer, but rather as an astute observer. His characters are not mere types. They are highly individualized and carefully motivated at every turn. They have both spirit and flesh. The play as a whole is one of the few exceptions to the rule that propaganda, or "thesis," has no acceptable place in the theatre.

It is quite true, of course, that "Both Your Houses" appeared a trifle late on the theatrical horizon. Congress has recently been behaving itself in such exemplary fashion that many will feel a lack of point to many of Mr. Anderson's sharpest darts. But I venture to suggest that no permanent victory has been won, that under less astute presidential leadership and under less dramatic pressure of the times, Congress will revert to its old ways of bargaining at the expense of the voters, of providing harbors where none are needed, flood control where there are no floods, and beetle extermination a thousand miles from

the nearest beetle. The war against economic disaster has no more brought about a permanent political change than the late great war against an armed enemy. We are simply rediscovering the obvious fact that people often rise to their best qualities in shattering emergencies. Mr. Anderson's play will seem timely enough a few years from now. In the meantime, it is a sardonic comment on events still recent enough to provoke chilly spines. The Pulitzer judges have again shown their excellent sense of discrimination and relative values.

Hilda Cassidy

I OFTEN wish that playwrights would set a voluntary limit to their obsession of "futility." "Hilda Cassidy" peaches futility in all its branches, in its trunk, roots and leaves. Set in the general atmosphere of Third Avenue tenements, it tells the twenty-year story of a German girl who marries, in the person of Tom Cassidy, an incipient gangster. She sticks to him through thick and thin, which is well enough, but for no discoverable reason except that he is "her man." She allows him for years to live in his spare time with a girl from a neighboring tenement, and at one time even urges him to live permanently with his mistress, "because they need each other." In other words, there is no moral basis for Hilda's decisions. She learns soon after their marriage that Tom has married her only for her money and so as to inherit her father's cigar-store business. But she still loves him and "survives" the shock of discovery. She also survives the discovery of his relations with Mamie Kimmel. She survives his days as a bootlegger and his term of imprisonment "up the river." At full last, she also survives the discovery that their daughter, Claire, has married and is about to run off with a slot-machine gangster of the very latest pattern. Perhaps the playwrights, Henry and Sylvia Lieferant, wish us to understand that Hilda has found a curious negative happiness with her good-for-nothing mate, and is therefore not aghast to find her daughter starting out on a similar career. But if Hilda is really intended to be that kind of a psychological vegetable, why should one bother to write a play about her? It is not as if she were doing the difficult and almost tragic thing of sticking to a principle or keeping a marriage vow to its bitterest measure. That might make her interesting. But she is a mere opportunist whose every action seems clouded with futility.

Some of the scenes and incidents of the play are reminiscent of the general atmosphere of Elmer Rice's "Street Scene." But it would be a mistake to put the two plays in the same category. Little Rose Maurrant in "Street Scene" discovered interior courage and conviction in the very wreckage of the small world about her. Nothing like this happens to invigorate the spiritual atmosphere of Hilda Cassidy. There is considerable good acting in the play, some excellent stage setting, and there are a few good lines and individual scenes. But there is nothing of the sturdy soul of New York tenements, nothing of the courage and character which have brought light to shadowed streets. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

HENRY ADAMS

Mount Carmel, Conn.

TO the Editor: Fifteen years ago, on Holy Thursday, Henry Adams died in the perfect peace he sought, without pain or illness, like a traveler embarking on a new and interesting journey.

That anniversary must not be allowed to pass without a word in reply to Mr. Lane's review of the book, "Henry Adams," by James Truslow Adams, in *THE COMMONWEAL* of April 12. The review is called "Except Faith," and its theme is that Henry Adams "had everything that life could offer in the way of distinction except faith," that there was "a certain failure in his inner life."

Does such a death as his indicate this failure? What does Mr. Lane or even Mr. Truslow Adams know, except by inference and hearsay of that intricate inner life, elusive even to those nearest him? How literally people who did not know him take his manner of speech, which often meant the opposite of what he was saying! How little do they understand the many folds and recesses, the locked caskets of his mind and heart! He kept those caskets locked from each other, and from the friends who would not understand. He might even seem to lock a certain casket from himself, after having shyly shown it to one. It is with this casket only that we have to do here, for it was shown not to the world or to family, but to the Church itself. Its treasures were received and cherished by the Church, and should not be ruthlessly cast out by what might appear to be the Church's own hand. Let us keep and guard what is ours!

To the late Bishop Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of Washington, to the late Monsignor Sigourney Fay, a constant visitor at his house, to Sister Raphael, Mother Superior for twenty years of Trinity College, Washington, among others, Henry Adams took his treasure casket. And in it was revealed to them such tender reverence, such humility combined with rare knowledge and understanding of the ancient faith, such an inspiring interpretation of the universality of the Universal Church, and above all so deep a veneration for the Mother of God, that they could not but recognize in Henry Adams a spiritual child of the Church. Like the Blessed Mother at the Cross, the Church heard the whisper, "Woman, behold thy Son."

Let us not exaggerate or mislead. The outward physical surrender, so difficult for the Puritan, the last bending of the knee did not come, but the bending of the heart and the proud mind in that inner life, so misunderstood by reviewers, was there before the Virgin at the Cross. Listen! those who say he had no faith, hear his own words in the "Prayer to the Virgin":

"... Waiting I feel the energy of faith,
Not in the future science, but in you,
... [For] years or ages, or eternity,
Will find me still in thought before your throne.
Pondering the mystery of Maternity,
Soul with Soul—Mother and Child in One."

The Virgin went down to the very roots of his being, and seemed to him the embodiment of all forces, uniting Eastern ideals of mercy and the peace of God to the supreme Christian ideal of the Incarnation.

"Stoicism or the Virgin?" the biographer asks; the answer is—and it explains his patience and heavenly serenity of the last years—that onto his rugged stoicism was grafted the radiant dawn of Christianity.

Hear his own words again in the "Prayer":

"Help me to see! not with my mimic sight—
With yours! which carried radiance like the sun,
Giving the rays you saw with, light in light—
Tying all suns and stars and worlds in one.

"Help me to know; not with my mocking art—
With you who knew yourself unbound by laws;
Gave God your strength, your life, your sight,
your heart,
And took from Him the Thought that Is—the
Cause."

Someone may ask, if Bishop Shahan and Father Fay are dead, who can testify to the attitude of these master-minds of the Church toward Henry Adams? The venerable Sister Raphael still lives and could speak; and in the Catholic University in Washington there are still some younger scholar-priests who know, and who have sat by the Adams monument, on the anniversary of his death, in hours of prayer and confidence in the peace that had come to him at last.

So after reviewers and biographers have had their little say, and have taken pains to cover all traces of his treasure casket, still the Mother of God will hold the child of her adoption to her breast, and will carry him on with her, in the Universal Church that he revered and explained, into eternity.

MABEL LA FARGE.

PROHIBITION FORTY YEARS AGO

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: The letter of Mary Onahan Gallery of Chicago in *THE COMMONWEAL* for April 26 provides opportunity for special illumination of the prohibition question and of the mental attitudes of those who discuss this and similar social questions. The letter told of the time when Mary Onahan Gallery and her father were seeking the Catholic bishop of Kansas City. The cabman whom they engaged misunderstood and took them to a speakeasy run by a man named Bishop. This was at a time when Kansas was supposed to be dry.

The bigotry and the hypocrisy of the Kansas Puritan are often thus contemptuously mentioned by Chicagoans. It is an axiom here that Kansans could not endure the pleasures others had in drinking; and to curtail that pleasure they foisted upon the people of the nation an intolerable restriction upon personal liberty. This restriction has resulted in grave financial losses, culminating in the depression. More deplorable still, it has introduced drinking to our women and children; it has lowered the

moral standards of our people; it has brought to our nation unutterable depths of degradation and crime. Defenders of the Eighteenth Amendment are labeled as bigots and enemies of true temperance.

Bigots upon the prohibition question are not hard to find. Not all of them are in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Blind men who refuse to listen to strong and valid arguments exist alike in dry Kansas and in wet Chicago. The bigoted wet, for example, refuses to admit that in the present imperfection of the world the modern mechanized speed age is in grave danger if it allows without restriction the consumption of strong drinks. To him the right of an individual to indulge a personal taste is greater than the right of society to protect itself from his violence, or of his family to use his wages for food and clothing. The wet insists that the law cannot be enforced, forgetting that, even so, mortality rates from alcoholism have declined under prohibition. He blames the Eighteenth Amendment for our increasing lawlessness; but he will not see that this is but a phase of the increasing corruption of morals since the war by the rottenness of modern imperialistic and capitalistic ethics.

The Kansan, on the other hand, looks at social questions with the white fervor of the anti-slavery struggle still in his heart, and is too prone to see moral evil in acts where only excess is wrong. Let us admit that a glass of wine or a stein of beer is but a pleasant symbol of fellowship and of culture. Let us insist that self-restraint is the best law, and that the "golden mean" of the Greeks was the highest ideal. Yet surely without bigotry a man may reasonably believe that for the safety of society some legal restriction upon strong liquors is imperative.

The letter of Mary Onahan Gallery is of significance because it is a custom only too frequent to settle important questions by prejudice and by slogan. The defender of prohibition is a bigot, a lover of social justice, a Communist or a Red. A proposal once labeled no longer requires thoughtful consideration. As a method of delusion the adoption of slogans could not be bettered; as a means of solving social problems it is abominable. Catholics possess in the broad humanity of their principles and in the intensely social character of their philosophy a heritage of inestimable value, with which they may be foremost in the search for a new social justice, if they will but fearlessly consider and meet present-day problems; but as bigots who refuse to consider their own weakness or their opponents' strength, they will accomplish nothing.

I would not have set forth the need for a sane consideration of social problems in this manner, had not Mary Onahan Gallery's letter illustrated most admirably the bigot's incapability of dealing with any cause. For forty years she has carried in her mind a vivid memory that speakeasies flourish as well in wet territories as in dry; prejudice prevented recognition. For Kansas City, Kansas, has never possessed a Catholic bishop. It was in Kansas City, Missouri, therefore, that Mary Onahan Gallery visited a speakeasy forty years ago; and in Missouri at that time the open saloon still flourished.

Further comment is needless.

FREDERICK E. WIRTH.

A CATHOLIC CIRCULATING LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Some of the patrons of our circulating library have called my attention to the letter of Helen Ready Bird in *THE COMMONWEAL* for April 19.

I am glad to inform her that the Catholic Unity League of 615 West 147th Street, New York City, has been operating a circulating library since 1917, sending out books at the rate of fifty to one hundred daily. We have on hand every worth-while book by a Catholic author; we purchase every new book that appears here or abroad. We have 10,000 patrons in over 700 cities of the United States and Canada, who borrow books for two weeks at the nominal rate of \$1.00 a year plus postage.

An inquiry about such a library in the "Question Box" of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for April brought us 136 members the past few weeks; a similar question in the *Extension Magazine* of Chicago was similarly effective.

We have 3,000 members in New York City alone. We keep three copies of any one book, so that patrons ask for six books if they wish two. Miss Bird would have received Gurn's biography of Charles Carroll in the next mail.

REV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C. S. P.

MR. SHAW'S SWAN SONG

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have read, with great interest, the article in your last issue entitled "Mr. Shaw's Swan Song." With it I am very largely in agreement. For a long time Mr. Shaw has been advertising himself, and his efforts have been eminently successful. Evidently he is so obsessed with the importance of his writings, and ideas, that he would not suffer advice, and even now it is doubtful if anyone could convince him that he had been "making a fool of himself."

I listened to his address, over the radio, in the presence of a number of Americans. The experience was not a pleasing one, and, while remembering the enjoyment I have had in reading some of Mr. Shaw's writings, and that I have been entertained by his intellectual buffoonery, there came to me a deep regret that he had left the ship which brought him to this country. Though outspoken candor is timely and justified on some occasions, and at certain times, there are a few, I think, in England and America, who are not of the opinion that Mr. Shaw's utterances were inopportune, unjustifiable and a display of bad manners.

It is not my intention to enter into a discussion of Mr. Shaw's philosophy. I wish to express my regret that he, it may be, has put back the hands of the clock, marking the time when Great Britain and America will be even more closely cemented in friendship than they are at present. Also to express the belief that the American people, at this moment, are aware that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

more truly represents the desire and temper of the British people. I believe the attitude of Mr. MacDonald will offset any rancor Mr. Shaw caused, because the Prime Minister possesses something of "the central authority around which our weal and woe gravitate," of "a Rock possessing the firmness of eternity, or a banner waving amid the floods."

I read today that Robert Burns is Mr. MacDonald's favorite poet. May I quote two verses from Burns? They seem to me to represent the attitude of mind of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald.

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a 'that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

D. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

CATHOLIC HOSPITALS

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: Shortly after purchasing my copy of the April 26 issue of *THE COMMONWEAL* this afternoon, I read with interest—and a certain amount of satisfaction—your very favorable editorial comment on the activities of our Catholic hospitals as outlined in the annual directory number of *Hospital Progress*, the official organ of the Catholic Hospital Association.

After briefly reviewing the excellent work of the Catholic hospitals throughout the United States and Canada, you call attention to the "inestimable contribution of the eleven thousand Sisters who give their lives to the care of the sick."

Further on, in the closing remarks of the article in question, in expressing your appreciation of the "shining quality" of the work of the Catholic hospitals, you state: "In this appreciation should be included, of course, the doctors and internes who give so generously of their time to the poor, and those lay people who contribute their generous support."

To both of the above quotations, the writer would like to ask the questions: What about the religious brothers and their inestimable contribution to the sick? Are they not making the selfsame sacrifice as the good Sisters? Is their life so unimportant and their work so mediocre that they deserve not so much as a passing mention somewhere between the good Sisters and "those lay people who contribute their generous support"?

In the city of Chicago, the Congregation of Alexian Brothers (founded some six hundred years ago) conduct the largest general hospital for men patients (only) in America. During my residence of three years' duration in that city, I twice had the pleasure of being a patient in the Brothers' hospital (and it is really a pleasure to be a patient there) and I am prepared to say that the type of service received at this institution was just as good—in fact, better—than I had previously received in other hospitals.

I am well acquainted with the work of the Alexian Brothers, and feel quite certain that they are members of the Catholic Hospital Association. Their hospitals, as I understand it, are all approved by the American College of Surgeons, and practically all their Brothers with the exception of "those in the making" (postulants and novices) are registered nurses. In view of these facts, why not give the Brothers a "break" occasionally?

JOHN V. HESSLER.

FREE TEXT-BOOKS

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: Sometimes we wonder if the time has not come for many of the states to furnish an appropriation for free text-books to our parochial schools.

If the pupils in the parochial schools of Boston were sent into the public schools, it would result in an increase of more than 40,000 pupils in our already crowded classrooms. Certainly these pupils are as much entitled to free text-books as are their brothers and sisters in the public schools.

The Church has relieved the community of the burden of providing accommodations for these pupils, and in the absence of governmental aid, at least the cost of text-books.

It would seem to us that legislation could be secured in many states under the present enrolment, especially here in the Eastern states.

The depression has crystallized the situation to such an extent that a movement fostered by Catholic societies might make much headway in this matter if it were started now.

WILLIAM ARTHUR REILLY,
Chairman of the Boston School Committee.

NEW LIGHT ON BIRTH CONTROL

Rome, Ga.

TO the Editor: The communication from Reverend Bart Hartwell in your issue of May 5 was interesting. But I thought I discerned a fallacy in the following: "When M. Dimnet maintains 'that there can be no legitimate marriage relations without love' and in this connection quotes George Sand, is one to infer that the intimate marital relations of George Sand with numerous lovers were legitimate because 'regulated by the heart'?"

I think at Georgetown they would call this a non sequitur. The relation could be illegitimate even with love, a fortiori where there were several lovers.

LEO V. FAHY.

BOOKS

The Birmingham Hero

Life of Joseph Chamberlain, by J. L. Garvin: Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

THE first volume of Mr. Garvin's definitive biography of Joseph Chamberlain brings the stormy career of the great English Radical down to the fall of Gladstone's third government in 1885. At that time, the eve of Mr. Chamberlain's historic bolt from Liberalism on the Irish Home Rule issue, the Birmingham hero loomed upon the horizon as England's "man of the future," champion of the newly enfranchised democracy and the most skilful party organizer in the kingdom. For the previous five years he had sat in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, a Radical imprisoned by Whigs, chafing at restraints and formulating an "unauthorized program." Now he was free, and this volume closes with him rejoicing in his liberty. "The victory of Radicalism . . . he does not doubt for a second. . . . In his heart of hearts he regards Gladstone, however majestic, as a man of the past, and himself as the man of destiny." The story of Chamberlain told to this point is one of the most fascinating pieces of Victorian biography, and readers of it will await with eagerness Mr. Garvin's subsequent volumes.

The figure of Chamberlain which emerges from these pages is one of heroic mold and deep historic meaning. Born in the early days of the Victorian Compromise (1836), he rose to national recognition in the days of its breakdown as the leader of the new democracy. His background was middle-class London, and all the fierce strength of radical Dissent was compressed in him: sprung in direct line from the Great Ejection of 1662, he was heir to a defiant tradition which "set a mark on his mind, and predetermined more of his instinct, training and action than he ever quite knew." The sectarian mark of Unitarianism, to be sure, became effaced as the democratic nationalist emerged from the limitations of his background, but the defiant bent of character was never lost.

He was only a boy of eighteen, revelling in Dickens, when his father sent him from London to Birmingham, there to look after the elder Chamberlain's newly acquired interest in a screw manufactory. So began his steady ascent to the position of a leading British industrialist and the first citizen of Birmingham. The franchise reform of 1867, which signalized the coming end of the Victorian Compromise, marked the beginning of his public life. He plunged into Birmingham city politics, was elected mayor in 1873, and made the slum-infested Birmingham a model city. Retiring in 1876 he could write: "I think I have now almost completed my municipal program and may sing *nunc dimittis*. The town will be parked, paved, assized, marketed, Gas-and-Watered and *improved*—all as the result of three years' active work."

His spectacular career as a new style city politician won the attention of the United Kingdom, and the lead-

ership which he seized in the campaign for national, secular, compulsory education drew him into the national arena as the leader of advanced Radicalism long before he first took a seat in Parliament. So that when he arrived at Westminster in 1876 he was at once a force to be reckoned with immediately and a portent for the future—an almost sinister figure, reputed to be an enemy of the throne itself, a wealthy and sartorially splendid demagogue seeking to drown Whigs and Tories alike in the surge of democratic revolution. As master of a powerful new party machine, the "Caucus," room had to be made for him when Gladstone returned in 1880 to head the country's last Whig Cabinet.

From this point Mr. Garvin's book broadens out into an elaborate history of the fortunes of the Gladstone government, and it is an absorbing tale that moves from South Africa to Ireland, to Egypt, to Afghanistan, then back to the Board of Trade, franchise reform and irrepressible Ireland again. A great deal of fresh light is turned upon all these matters, notably upon Chamberlain's effort in the first half of 1885 to negotiate a "practical settlement" of the Irish question. His views on Ireland formed an integral part of his whole social outlook, for although he never plumbed the full depths of the Irish question, no public man in England was as eager as he for remedial Irish legislation. Chamberlain wanted to give the land back to the people in both England and Ireland, and he dreamed of an alliance between English and Irish democracy to the end that social justice might be brought to the whole United Kingdom.

In this first great phase of his career Chamberlain was concerned primarily with such internal questions as Ireland, franchise reform, Board of Trade measures, and pioneer social politics; and it was in this last field that the promise of his future direction lay when he left office in 1885. We shall have to await Mr. Garvin's next volume for the story of Chamberlain's emergence as apostle of the new imperialism, but that story can hardly show a new Chamberlain. Mr. Garvin discerns a constancy in his subject, and reveals in this early career numerous flashes of the later imperialist statesman. His economic heterodoxy was early suspected at the Board of Trade, and just as he was no strict Manchester School man on economic questions, so was he "Palmerstonian" in his views on foreign policy.

It would be as difficult to withhold admiration from this early Chamberlain as it would be to abstain from praising Mr. Garvin's account of him. The fiery Radical was a deeply serious man, of strictest integrity and the most unflinching courage: he had ideals, principles, program and strong practical intelligence. One gets an impression of leanness, cleanness and hardness, plus a fresh boyish gaiety and great personal charm. Mr. Garvin does not have to tell us this; his art is to allow us to see it for ourselves in the figure that marches through the pages. For this is a simply written account of the "life and times," which is the reason why it seems so refreshingly substantial to a taste long sickened by the creamy froth of "new biography."

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN.

In an Imperfect World

Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World, by Alvin H. Hansen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

THE complaint has been repeated during the course of the past three years that the economist has said nothing about the means of getting out of the depression and avoiding one in the future. In a large measure such an opinion is true, but a timely statement of the economists' views along such lines now appears on the booksellers' shelves. Alvin H. Hansen, one of the most orthodox followers of the neo-Classical theories of economics, has analyzed the various causes which have been proposed for the phenomena of business depressions and, going farther, has attempted to criticize the remedies which have been advanced as tending toward a Utopian or permanently stabilized business. The conclusion of Professor Hansen's study seems to state that only a partial stability is the most effective form of control and that such regulation should be done, not by any artificial man-made institution, but by the automatic and hypersensitive price structure working in a free market.

Starting with the causes which disrupted the pre-war tendencies toward equilibrium, the erection of small petty post-war states and the consequent tariff barriers, the reparations questions, the technological advance, the policies of organized labor, the problems arising from uneconomic movements in the capital markets, the reader is led to believe that all these are bonds which choked the economic progress and stability of the world. Treating each in a scientific manner, holding all other factors constant, Professor Hansen changes each of the causes and shows what the future may hold if such a policy were to be continued. As an example, he states that the cancellation of the war debts would have little effect upon world trade, but that they may make all the difference between business and bankruptcy for Germany, the weakest link in the chain of world industry at the present time.

Stabilization plans center about three points, employment, population, and business or production. In his analysis of unemployment, Hansen declares that even unemployment insurance is a check on a free labor market, with an aggravating rather than ameliorating influence, bringing more labor to the market than would otherwise come. Under a free market, unemployment would exist, but this would be at a minimum. It is shown correctly that natural causes alone will tend toward a stabilization of population at a level to which industry can adapt itself. Absolute business stability is impossible since more maladjustments would arise than exist even now.

One of the best sections deals with the problem of Socialism and capitalism. Hansen believes that Communism can succeed only if the worker is held down to a minimum of subsistence with no hope for advancement, a sad case of an autocratic government in a quasi-Socialistic state. He holds that the same ends can be achieved by an autocratic capitalism, but that here there would be a prospect of advance for the laborer. Thus Hansen shows himself a welfare economist in at least one

sense, that he teaches the optimism of social progress. His ideas of stabilization confirm this, for he advocates a stabilization within the limits of consumption and of a process of adult education as aids in making the business cycle of genuine utility by raising the standards of living.

The book is written in a clear style, with examples which do not confuse the non-economic-minded reader, and which are pleasing to those who can understand the strict economic interpretation of terms. The economist has answered the challenge and has flung his glove down for the politician and capitalist. True stability will arise only when the shackles of the market have been cut.

FRANCIS J. CALKINS.

Letters to Saints

By Post to the Apostles, by Helen Walker Homan. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. \$2.50.

THERE are few of us who would not like to have received a personal introduction to Saint Peter and the other members of that devoted group selected by Our Lord to scatter the seeds of His Gospel to the four winds of heaven. And which of us would not have enjoyed a little conversation (if it wasn't too formal) with Saint John, the beloved disciple? The nearest we could hope to come to the realization of such a desire was to go to Oberammergau during the Passion Play and live for a day at the home of an actor impersonating the character of one of the Apostles. I remember the thrill of such an experience many years ago. But to meet the real Apostles and feel that you were talking with living men? If you want that experience, I suggest that you read, without delay, "By Post to the Apostles."

Helen Walker Homan in these sprightly letters acts the part of an accomplished hostess who is entertaining both you and the Apostles. The conversation never lags. There is not a dull moment, and before the visit is over you feel so well acquainted with your new friends that you would offer on the spot to accompany Saint James on a fishing expedition or invite Saint Matthew to the next Holy Name Society Communion breakfast, for you will have learned that Saint Matthew liked parties. For all its animation there is both deep reverence and learning in Mrs. Homan's book. I was going to say that it should be made part of the required reading in schools and seminaries. But on second thought, it would not have to be put on the required list. Just put it on the suggested list and no pupil who is capable of staying awake after eight o'clock at night will have failed to read it during the first month that it is on the shelves.

We have 401 study clubs in eastern Montana engaged during the present Holy Year in weekly meetings at which the topic of discussion is the life of Christ as presented in the pages of the New Testament. I am suggesting that each club—they average about ten members each—acquire a copy of "By Post to the Apostles" and when all the members have read it, that it be placed on the Catholic book-shelf of the local public library.

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NEXT WEEK

IMMIGRATION, by Herbert C. Pell, reviews the basis of our present immigration laws, which were introduced when he was a member of Congress, and finds that they were dictated by bigotry and are lacking in common sense. He proposes an alternative eugenic basis for controlled immigration . . . **A NOTE ON THE BOURGEOIS WORLD**, by Jacques Maritain, is an exposition of true Christian order, with its realistic approach to social order and morals and the purpose of life, compared with the established disorder founded on individual irresponsibility and heterodoxy. The latter disorder is inherent both in Communism and capitalism, unless extremes are checked by effective Christian principles, M. Maritain points out and he believes that the temporal Christian family or collectivity scattered among the nations is beginning to have a deliberate awareness of its cultural mission, and is the one hope of reason and continuity of effort in our present destructive and unhappy world chaos. This is a paper of great importance by one of the leading philosophers and social historians of our day . . . **NEW YORK CENTRAL**, by John Leeds Kerr, President of the Railway Research Society, analyzes factually the economics position of one of America's leading railways and ends with some rather startling suggestions on the possible benefits of bankruptcy . . . **CONFIDENCES OF A LECTURER**, by Mary Ellen Chase, is an amusing, and sometimes touching, account of the extra exercises a lecturer is put through before and after speaking.

out being heavy or dull. The celebrated Father O'Flynn is reported to have questioned the necessity of leaving "gaiety all to the laity." Well, Helen Walker Homan even allows us to understand that the Apostles were human beings some of whose frailties we may share however far we may be removed from their heroism and sanctity.

EDWIN V. O'HARA.

The Strangest Czar

Ivan the Terrible, by Stephen Graham. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.00.

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM, who knows Russia well and has studied its problems for many years, has surpassed himself in this remarkable study, not only of a curious and dreadful personality, but also of the times during which he lived and reigned, and of the Russian people's strange character and mentality. His book is clearly and interestingly written, and it portrays, sharply defined against a background of savagery and brutality, a perfect picture of perhaps the greatest savage of them all, but a man with instincts of greatness, and a good deal of grandeur, in spite of his ferocious cruelty.

Ivan the Terrible is for many people a dark and mysterious figure, a sort of moral monster, always ready to kill, torture or destroy those whom he suspected of treasonable designs against his person or against his throne. Such is his cruelty, that one forgets his extraordinary ability, his political acumen. His history has never before been written in a way capable of making it understandable to foreigners. The book of Mr. Waliszewski, the Polish historian, represents the dreaded and dreadful Czar in his full glory, but it is far too long, and many useless details dim the picture of the central figure. On the contrary, Mr. Graham depicts the Czar with extraordinary clearness and without unnecessary comment lets the reader decide for himself what kind of a man he was.

This book ought to be studied carefully by those who are trying to understand the Bolshevistic Russia of today, for from it one realizes that the Russian mentality has not changed since the days of Ivan, and the latter's ancestors. It was then, as it is now, the mentality of a slave, ready to submit to his masters, and lacking the strength to revolt against cruel methods. Between the Oprichniki of Ivan the Terrible, and the Tcheka of the Soviet government, there is no difference, just as there is none between the boyars whom he tortured and killed, and all the unfortunate creatures lined up for death by Stalin and his henchmen.

I would recommend, especially, the chapters dealing with the struggle waged between Ivan and the Church, which lasted practically all through his reign, and which is in some details like the conflict going on now between the Church and the Bolsheviks. Then there are the dreadful accounts of the sack of Novgorod and the extermination of its inhabitants, of the murder of the Metropolitan Philip, strangled by Ivan's favorite Skuratof, and the murder of Ivan's son, slain by Ivan himself in a fit of mad rage.

Mr. Graham at this point draws some conclusions with

which one must agree. Certainly Ivan the Terrible was not normal. His vices had obliterated not only his judgment but also his moral instincts. Moreover, he lived in a cruel age; though more civilized, the cruelties of the Valois kings in France were as abominable as those which Ivan practised in regard to his own subjects.

This somber, fearful story is relieved by lighter pages recounting Ivan's efforts to win the hand of an English Princess whom it was his ambition to raise to the throne of the great Rurik, and his attempts to obtain the good graces of Queen Elizabeth. How the latter humored him and played with him is related with extreme wit by Mr. Graham, and constitutes one of the best and most entertaining chapters of his really remarkable book. For from beginning to end this is a perfect story, written in a succinct manner, and fascinating in content as well as style.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Recent Foreign Policies

Can America Stay at Home?, by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

MOST educated Europeans wish to know something of foreign affairs and this desire is fed by a company of highly intelligent and cultured writers. The far smaller American demand for real knowledge in this field has attracted few first-rate native minds into the business of supplying such knowledge. Among these few, and above them on a lonely eminence by himself, is Frank Simonds. A master of smooth and lucid prose, he served an eventful apprenticeship as a reporter of domestic politics, and in these salad days he occasionally pursued personal vendettas of which some fine tales are told; once he is said to have stirred up a pretty quarrel between a certain President and a certain Governor of New York State. But in his maturer age he has developed an astonishing degree of frankness and intellectual honesty.

He tells his readers the whole truth as he sees it. Such writers are all too rare. His manner is that of the counsellor patiently explaining to a well-meaning but ill-informed client the reasons why this or that course of action has consistently failed in the past and must fail again in the future. When he does let himself go for a minute, the effect leaves nothing to be desired. Here is his climax: "... At the root of every European conception of world order in the post-war years has been the principle of collective responsibility not alone to respect, but also to maintain, that order. Moreover, while American refusal to share such responsibility endures, American concern for peace must continue to appear in all European eyes a transparent endeavor to combine the mission of John the Baptist with the method of Pontius Pilate."

To this he leads up by the best brief survey which the reviewer has yet seen of American foreign policy during the Spanish War period and since 1914; the United States' first steps as a world power, our return to anti-imperialism, then Wilson's active but unarmed neutrality, next the post-war contradictions of American policy, are set down clearly and without malice. The author is particularly apt in dealing with the contradictions: the effort

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to maintain a high tariff and at the same time increase exports and collect war debts.

The reviewer would not be understood as agreeing with Mr. Simonds throughout. He believes that much of the present difficulty over collecting the debts has been directly caused by the United States' consistent diplomatic opposition to France and the French group ever since the Washington Conference. Nor does he agree with the conclusion implied in the title of the book "Can America Stay at Home?" He thinks it probable that both our moral and economic imperialism will decline, that the grotesque effort to force our ideas and manufactured goods upon Europe will fail whether we press it or not and that we shall press it only half-heartedly. Nevertheless, he strongly urges anyone who wants to be intelligent about foreign affairs to read the book.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

Utopia in Denmark

In God's Land, by Martin Anderson Nexö; translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Peter Smith. \$2.50.

WITH no implied disparagement of journalism or of this novel, "In God's Land" may be called journalistic. Its people live because, like the people in a newspaper report, one is willing to admit the existence of flesh and blood creatures behind the words describing them; they are not inseparable from the words, like Squire Western or Alyosha Karamazov. As a consequence, the reader learns that the Danish peasant is better educated than any other peasant in the world and that this is owing to Grundtvigianism—a religious movement of the nineteenth century which broke away from the State Church, founded its own schools, was generally opposed to formalism and favored simplicity and the absence of class distinctions. One reads of the conflict between the old Grundtvigian simplicity and the spirit of the new age, of the twentieth century, the desire for increased production, greater efficiency, more wealth. Ebbe Fisker is the white-haired gentle representative of the old school; Jens Vorup, his son-in-law, is the pushing and progressive exponent of the new. Jens introduces new methods in farming, making his farm deserving of the epithet "model"; he moves further and further from the ancient ways of the peasant and, when the war comes, he plunges into a frenzy of speculation and is, of course, ruined.

But of all this one reads without being greatly moved—with the exception of the story of Pastor Braa, the great obese preacher, a brilliant talker and prodigious trencherman, toward whom Martin Nexö displays a rather ambiguous attitude. This ambiguity, which extends to other characters, must be the chief complaint against the novel; Nexö's political beliefs (of great importance in a work like this) are never quite plain, though evidently he does not favor capitalism. Whether Socialism or peasant ownership is the cure for Danish ills will probably be made clear, after the Scandinavian fashion, in future volumes. "In God's Land" is scarcely exciting, though not acutely dull, reading.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Briefer Mention

Contemporary Spanish Literature, by Aubrey F. G. Bell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

THIS is a new edition, revised and brought up to date, of a book which first appeared in 1925. The comprehensive range of the work is best indicated by some of the chapter headings: "The National Novel. Perez Galdos"; "Baroja and the Social Novel"; "The Drama in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century. Echegaray"; "The Modernist Invasion. Ruben Dario"; "The Essay. Unamuno." Most of the writers who now flourish in the new republic, Valle Inclan, Ramon Gomez de la Serna and Pio Baroja receive extended treatment, as do the dramatists who are well known in this country, Martinez Sierra and the Quintero brothers. Catholics will be grateful for the sympathetic description of the tremendous life work of Menendez y Pelayo, the Catholic scholar and critic, who covered in his massive erudition not only classical and mediaeval aesthetics but also the modern literature of western Europe and Spanish America. While Mr. Bell has dealt with all the principal figures of Spain's recent literature, he has not made such an exhaustive study of his field as has René Lalou in his "Contemporary French Literature" which is published in the same collection.

The Best Poems of 1932; selected by Thomas Moulton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

MR. MOULTON'S yearly anthologies have and deserve a place apart. The selections are made with careful taste; the display is arranged with obvious pride. One is usually sure that the book is representative of a given twelvemonth, though some lyric particularly captivating to oneself may be missing. There are many fine poems in the present collection. Marcel Aurousseau's "The Navigator" is fascinating verse in one of the newer moods, and to our minds the best thing Mr. Moulton found in the output of 1932. We like the delicate reflectiveness of Harold Lewis Cook's "Ode," the design (almost like that of a Van Gogh painting) of Lyle Donaghy's "Not by the Shore," and the definiteness of Frederic Prokosch's "The Lonely Unicorn." But there are many good things. Irene Haugh and William Griffith are represented with poems which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL.

The Propaganda Menace, by Frederick E. Lumley. New York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

MR. LUMLEY chose an interesting subject, nor are his four hundred odd pages at all dull. He writes a concise history and diagnosis of propaganda to begin with, and then devotes separate chapters to a number of types. Unfortunately the book is by no means as good as it ought to be. Many of the discussions are neither as exhausting nor as authoritative as they might well be. Some of the chapters—notably that on religion—are mere magazine articles, readable enough but not worth binding between covers.

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Sisters of St. Dominic

A Book about Roses, by Dean Hole. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.75.

DEAN HOLE was one of the first of modern English rose-growers, and there are few who have surpassed him either in growing beautiful specimens or in understanding what gardening is all about. Of course he wrote a book—a great book—which remained a favorite during many years but has recently become a little hard to find. And so here is an American edition, edited by Eric Fitch Daglish and foreworded by J. Horace McFarland. The Dean was in several respects an odd man, who loved man, beast and flower but found the first most recalcitrant. His was a religion of social service, in the Ruskin and Manning moods, and he seems to have thought that rose gardening was one route toward the Christian life. The book is therefore sprinkled with crisp remarks, sometimes humorous and sometimes queer. All this helps to make his manual very delightful. On important topics, such as soil and position, he is an expert whose counsel is the best available. Naturally the wealth of varieties available in our time was not his to enjoy, but on fundamentals of breed he is quite sound. Dean Hole belongs in the immortal company of Walton.

A Short Life of Shakespeare; abridged by Charles Williams from Sir Edmund Chambers's "William Shakespeare." New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

MR. WILLIAMS seems the right man to abridge Sir Edmund Chambers's great if heavily laden biography, since he himself may claim to have done good work in the study of Shakespeare. Essential facts about the life and the plays are dug out, arranged with care and set forth succinctly. The sources are given in order at the close. Of course the volume has some obvious faults. It can hardly avoid taking it for granted rather occasionally that the reader is fairly erudite, nor is the reading as easy as Mr. Williams evidently assumed. One may therefore doubt that this is a book for the general public. But as a manual for college use, or for the student of English letters who is not a Shakespeare specialist, it cannot be commended too warmly.

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